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TOP-NOTCH

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# Laugh

COMICS

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JOKE BOOK





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# POKEY OAKY

DEAR READER, THROUGH THE DOINGS OF THE GATFIELDS, POKEY OAKY, THE HILL BILLY SHERIFF, IS NOW IMPRISONED IN A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS CAVERN---REMEMBER? OKAY! THEN CARRY ON!

Don Dean





G-GOSH, POSSUM, AH  
DON'T SEE HOW  
**ANYONE** COULD  
BREAK THET BIG  
SPECIAL STEEL LOCK  
YO' HAD ON YORE  
HEN HOUSE!

ET WEREN'T BROKE  
---ET WERE  
**MELTED**  
OFF, MYSTERIOUS  
LIKE !!!



MAH DOOTY CALLS!  
AH'S GOT TO  
**UNBAFFLE**  
THIS CRIME,  
YESSUH !!

YO' BETTAH NOT  
FAIL EITHAH,  
POKEY, ELSE  
WE'UNS IS GONNA  
FIND A **NEW**  
SHURIFF---RIGHT  
QUICK!



AND AS POKEY PONDER'S OVER THE SITUATION  
IN HIS OFFICE, REPORTS OF AN IDENTICAL  
NATURE CONTINUE TO POUR IN.

POKEY, LAST NIGHT  
SOME SHIFTLESS SKONK  
SWIPED EVER' LAS' ONE  
OF MAH CHICKENS--MOS'  
PEE-COOL-YAR WUS TH'  
**LOCK!** ET LOOKED  
LIKE ET WERE---

**MELTED  
OFF**  
HUH?



YEP!  
HOW'D  
YO' KNOW?

ALL THESE HEN HOUSE  
RAIDS HAVE HAPPENED  
THET-A-WAY! ET SHO'  
GOT MAH PO' BRAINS  
PLUMB WORN OUT!



WHUT YO'  
AIMIN'  
TO DO,  
POKEY?

HMM! FUST AH GOTS  
TO GET ME SOME  
**SUS-PECKS**---  
ANYONE NEW COME  
TO TOWN SINCE  
AH WUZ AWAY?



WAL LE'S SEE  
NOW. MAH WIFE  
JUS' HAD A  
NINE POUND  
BABY BOY--

NOPE! HE DIDN'T DO  
IT---ANYONE ELSE?







WAL, THEN  
THAR'S THEM  
CIRCUS FOLKS  
THET'S A-PLAYIN'  
OVAH AT PINE  
RIDGE!

A **CIRCUS** AT  
PINE RIDGE? AH SHO'  
AM GONNA CHECK  
ON THEM RIGHT  
QUICK-- BESIDES  
AH HAIN'T SEEN A  
CIRCUS IN A COON'S  
AGE!!

AND SO, ON THE LOT OF THE TINY DILAPIDATED  
CIRCUS, POKEY BEGINS MIXING BUSINESS WITH  
PLEASURE-- ONE PART BUSINESS -- TWO  
PARTS PLEASURE!!



HOWDY DEW!  
MIND EFFIN' AH  
AX YO' A FEW  
QUESTIONS?

SORRY, BUB, BUT  
I CAN'T GIVE YOU  
A JOB--WE HAVE A  
SURPLUS OF  
**TALENT** NOW!



HMM-- NOW JES'  
WHIT COULD HE HAVE  
MEANT BY  
THET??



AH'LL JES' MOSEY  
'ROUND FOXY LIKE AN'  
SEE EFFIN' AH KIN  
FIND ME SOME  
SUSPECKS! DUM DE DE!



(GULP!)  
A-AH DON'T THINK  
HE W-WOULD DO  
IT--TOO HONEST  
A F-FACE!

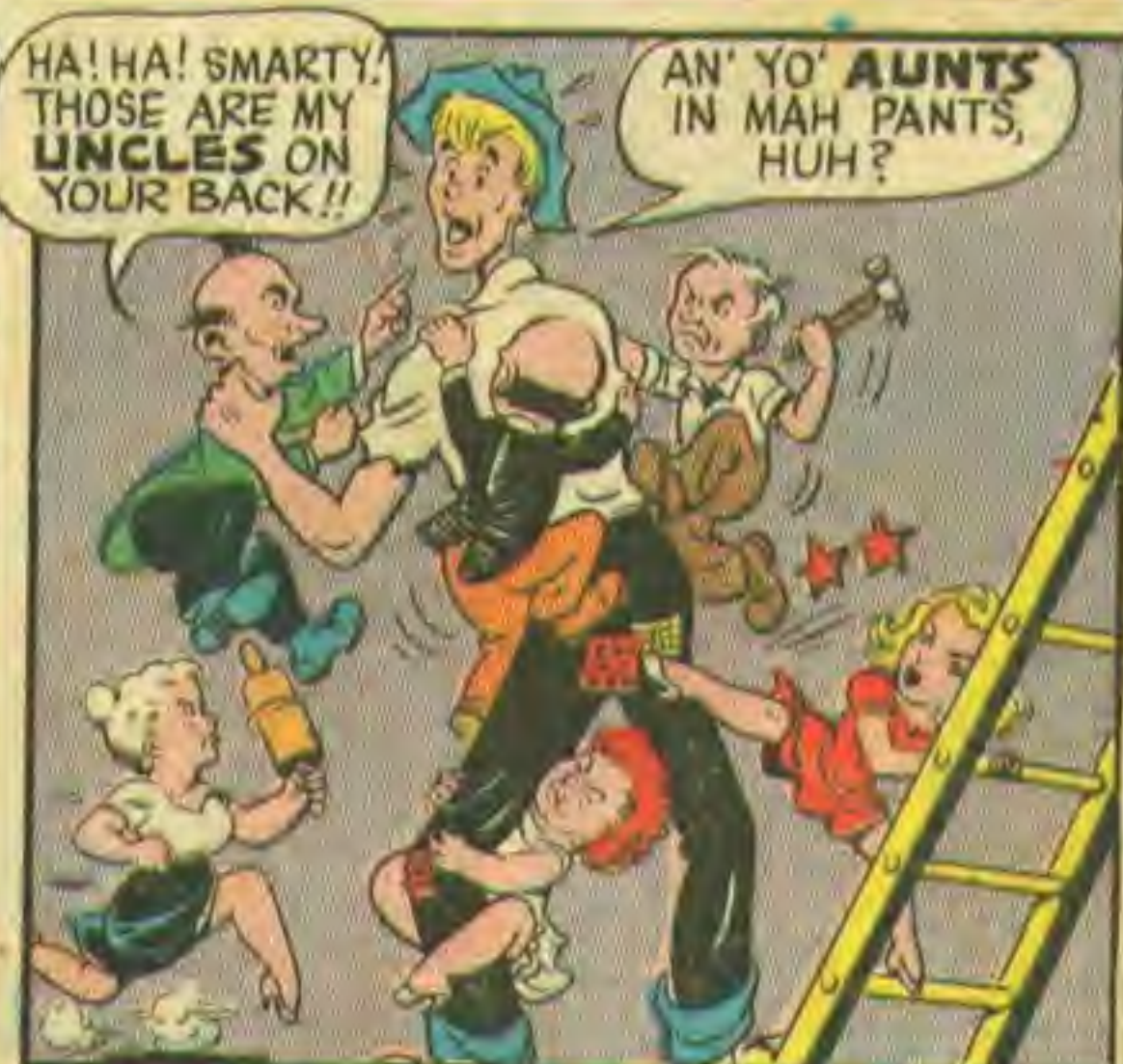


AN' MIGHT AS  
WELL COUNT HER  
OUT OF MAH  
SUSPECKS-- SHE  
LOOKS LIKE THE  
KIND OF GAL THET  
WOULD BE OUT IN  
TH' OPEN WIFF  
EVERYTHIN'!



AN' AH JES'  
**KNOWS** THET  
GENTLEMAN  
WOULD NEVAH  
STOOP TO  
CHICKEN  
SNATCHIN'--  
NO SUH!!!









FROM NOW ON,  
BROTHER, YOUR  
NAME IS GOING  
TO BE "CANNON-  
BALL-EXPRESS!"  
--READY, JOE?

GULP!

OKAY!  
FIRE!



BOOM



THEM SHO' MUST  
BE TH' NASTY  
**DEAD END**  
CHILLUNS AH  
HEERD SO  
MUCH 'BOUT!



A HAYSTACK!  
PANTS, YO' DON'T  
KNOW HOW  
LUCKY YO' IS!

PLUNK!



SAAY! THIS HYAR  
IS ZEB COON'S  
FARM--BUT THET  
SHO' 'NUFF HAIN'T  
ZEB COON BY  
TH' HEN HOUSE!



WAL, CUSS ME! ET'S  
THET CIRCUS **FIRE-  
EATIN'** FELLAH ---  
AN' HE'S A-MELTIN!  
TH' LOCK OFF SHO'  
NUFF!

PUFF  
PUFF



HA, PROFESSAH  
FUMO! AH CAUGHT  
YO' RED HANDED!!

YOU'LL FRY FOR  
THIS--**POOF!**  
**POOF!!**





YO' IS UNDER ARREST-- BUT FUST AH MUSTN'T FOGET TO TURN OFF TH' GAS!!



SUPPOSE AH BETTAH STOP OFF AN' TELL YO' BOSS AH IS JAILIN' YO' UP!!



YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT PROFESSOR FUMO IS THE CULPRIT WHO HAS BEEN FILCHING THE FAIR FOWLS OF YOUR DELIGHTFUL HAMLET!

NO! AH MERELY SED HE WAS SWIPING CHICKENS ---HE DONE CLEANED OUT FIVE HEN HOUSES!



FIVE HEN HOUSES BURGLARIZED! GAD, PROFESSOR, WHAT DID YOU DO WITH ALL THAT POULTRY?

MEBBE THIS WILL MAKE HIM TALK, HUH?

**STOP!** UNHAND HIM, YOU BRUTES!!

BAH!



WHY, ET'S FATIMA, THE FAT LADY!!

PROFESSOR FUMO DID IT FOR ME (SOB)!--I BEGAN LOSING WEIGHT--MY CAREER (SOB) WAS AT STAKE--S-SO I HIRED THE PROFESSOR TO KEEP ME SUPPLIED WITH CHICKEN FRICASSEE (SOB)!!



THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! TWO OF MY STAR PERFORMERS INVOLVED IN A DASTARDLY SCANDAL--THE SHOW WILL BE RUINED!!

TELL YO' WHUT, MISTAH, YO' SETTLES UP WIFF ME FO' TH' DAMAGES AN' EVAHTHING WILL BE OKAY!!



VERY SPORTING OF YOU, MR. SHERIFF, INDEED I WILL ---!

**RUN FOR YER LIVES--THE PINK PLAGUE HAS BROKEN LOOSE!!!**

**The PINK PLAGUE!** WHAT IS IT? WHO IS IT? WATCH FOR IT!!!



# READERS' PAGE

WELL, HERE IT IS AGAIN--- YOUR FAVORITE CONTEST, WHERE YOU'VE A CHANCE TO WIN A PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF DRAWN BY ONE OF OUR CRACK ARTISTS AND WHERE YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY LOSE!

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS:

YOU SEND US A PHOTOGRAPH AND A LETTER TELLING US WHICH CHARACTER IN **TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS** IS YOUR FAVORITE--- AND WHY. IF YOUR LETTER IS CHOSEN AS THE BEST AND SINCEREST RECEIVED OUR ARTIST WILL DRAW YOUR PORTRAIT, IF NOT, YOUR PICTURE WILL APPEAR ON THIS PAGE. THIS MONTH A PORTRAIT GOES TO---

**THE  
WINNER!**



JIMMY MILLIGAN, JR.  
116 AMERICA ST.  
ORLANDO, FLORIDA

HONORABLE MENTION

---AND HIS WINNING LETTER!  
The character I like best in Top-Notch Laugh Comics is Bokey. The reason is that the artist sure knows his stuff. He wants to be funny and Bokey is funny. All the other characters are so life-like that you almost expect them to step out of the magazine and speak to you. Great. Bokey, live is great with me and my pals.  
Jimmy Milligan, Jr.



RONALD JANKOWIAK  
FLER CITY, MICH.



MARION MAST  
323 SCRANTON ST.  
SCRANTON, PA.



LEONA WILLIAMS  
R.R. 4  
NEOSHO, MO.



ROBERT COOPER  
R#1  
MUNCIE, KANSAS



JEWEL BATER  
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SO. CHICAGO, ILL.



JEAN POSTON  
410 WEST UNION ST.  
ATHENS, OHIO

**KEEP THOSE LETTERS AND PHOTOS COMING!**



# THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY

EDITION WITH STAY-TIGHT LIGATURE



## ATTENTION READERS!

FROM THE BEGINNING OF TIME SOME MEN HAVE DARED TO PROBE THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE AND DEATH. STRANGE AND WEIRD TALES HAVE BEEN TOLD OF THE NIGHT-MARISH MONSTERS WHICH HAVE BEEN BROUGHT BACK FROM THE GRAVE THIS MONTH WE GIVE YOU ONE OF MY MOST GRUESOME ADVENTURES IN THE STORY OF 'THE DOCTOR WHO WAS TWINS' *The Black Hood*



IT'S WELL AFTER MIDNIGHT--  
DOCTOR JACOBS, THE HEAD OF  
A SMALL MEDICAL SCHOOL, IS  
WORKING LATE IN HIS OFFICE  
WHEN--

WHO'S THERE?  
OH, HENDRICKS  
COME IN!

THE BODY FOR DISSECTION IS  
HERE, DOCTOR. THE GUARDS  
WANT TO SEE THAT  
IT'S TURNED OVER  
TO YOU, PERSONALLY!

OF COURSE!  
I'LL BE  
RIGHT OUT!



HERE'S YER  
STIFF, DOC!  
WHERE DO  
WE PUMP IN?

IN THE  
MORGUE,  
PLEASE--RIGHT  
THROUGH  
THERE!



OKAY! YOU'RE THE DOCTOR!  
HA/HA!--WILL YOU SIGN  
FOR THIS DOC?



WELL, HE'S ALL YOURS  
NOW! HAVE FUN  
WITH HIM!



NOW, YOU POOR DEVIL,  
LET'S HAVE A LOOK  
AT YOU!

MERCIFUL  
GOD!  
IT CAN'T  
BE!--





DOCTOR JACOBS STARTS PACE  
STARING--THE FACE UNDER THE  
SHEET IS ALMOST IDENTICAL  
WITH HIS OWN!

STUMBLING INTO HIS LAB HE  
COLLAPSED WEAKLY INTO A  
CHAIR. FOR NEARLY HALF  
AN HOUR HE SEEMED TO BE  
URGING HIMSELF TOWARD  
A DECISION---

I CAN'T DISSECT THIS BODY!  
I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT LIVE!  
IF I'M CAUGHT IT'LL BE  
MEAN THE END OF  
MY CAREER!  
BUT I'VE GOT  
TO DO IT!

HENDRICKS HAS GONE  
HOME--THERE'S NO  
ONE HERE TO FIND  
OUT!---WELL  
HERE GOES!

THE HANDS OF THE CLOCK  
DRAG AROUND  
ONCE--TWICE--  
ALL NIGHT  
DOCTOR  
JACOBS WORKS  
ON THE  
BODY OF THE  
DEAD MAN---

THESE BURN-  
ED TISSUES--  
THEY'VE GOT  
TO BE REPLACED  
OF COURSE! THAT  
PATIENT I'M  
OPERATING ON  
TOMORROW ---

TSK, TSK!  
FOUR O'CLOCK AND  
STILL WORKING!  
THOSE MEDICOS  
SURE EARN  
THEIR DOUGH!

THE NEXT DAY AT  
BARBARA SUTTON'S HOME--  
GEE, BABS, IT SURE IS GOOD  
TO SEE YOU AGAIN--BUT I  
THOUGHT, BY THIS TIME, YOU  
AND KIP WOULD BE---

AHEM! TELL ME,  
KAY, DARLING,  
HOW DO YOU  
LIKE YOUR  
NURSE'S TRAIN-  
ING  
COURSE?





OH, IT'S *SWELL*! HONEST, I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'VE HAD SO MUCH *FUN*! AND DOCTOR JACOBS IS THE *CUTEST* MAN!

SAY! COME TO THINK OF IT, THE DOCTORS OPERATING TODAY! IT'S A DEMONSTRATION TOO! I'D LOVE IT IF YOU COULD BOTH COME!

THAT SOUNDS SUPER! HOW ABOUT IT, KIP?



NO, THANKS! COUNT ME OUT! BESIDES, I MIGHT NOT STAND THE COMPETITION IF THIS DOCTOR IS AS CHARMING AS YOU SAY!



OH, IS THAT SO! NOW YOU LISTEN TO ME, KIP BURLAND! YOU'RE TAKING ME WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!

WHO, ME? THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



LATER  
I'M SO GLAD YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND! WELL, HERE IS THE 'CARVING COLLEGE'.

I CAN HARDLY WAIT!



DOCTOR JACOBS IS ONE OF THE FINEST SURGEONS IN THE PROFESSION! LOOK--THERE HE COMES NOW!



HAGGARD FROM LACK OF SLEEP, THE DOCTOR ENTERS THE OPERATING THEATER---



--- AND MAKES A FEW BRIEF REMARKS TO THE STUDENTS---

--- AND ALWAYS REMEMBER THE SIMPLEST CASE MAY PRESENT COMPLICATIONS! YOU NEVER CAN TELL!



...FORCEPS PLEASE--  
SCALPEL-- I  
SAID GIVE ME  
THE SCALPEL!

BUT  
DOCTOR--

WHAT'S THE  
MATTER WITH  
THE DOCTOR?--  
LOOK AT HIS  
HANDS!

H--HE'S  
SHAKING ALL  
OVER!

ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT,  
DOCTOR?

WHY ARE YOU SO  
ROUGH, DOCTOR?  
**LOOK OUT!**  
YOU'RE CUTTING  
THE ARTERY!

IT'S TOO LATE,  
HE'S DEAD!

OF--OF COURSE HE'S  
DEAD! VERY ODD COM-  
PLICATIONS! TAKE HIM  
INTO MY  
LAB!



BUT DOCTOR--

DO AS I SAY! HURRY! I WANT  
TO MAKE A THOROUGH  
EXAMINATION!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!  
DOCTOR JACOBS SEEMED  
SO--SO TENSE--AS IF HE  
WERE UPSET ABOUT  
SOMETHING!

BUT IT'S PROBABLY JUST MY  
IMAGINATION! COME ON, I'LL  
INTRODUCE YOU TO  
**HIM!**

OH, DOCTOR--  
MAY I SEE  
YOU FOR A  
MOMENT?

**NOT NOW!** CAN'T YOU  
SEE I'M BUSY! LEAVE  
ME ALONE!





I'M AFRAID YOU HAVEN'T HAD A VERY PLEASANT VISIT! I GUESS THE DOCTOR ISN'T FEELING VERY WELL!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, KAY! WE HAVE TO BE RUNNING, ANYWAY!

LATER AT BARBARA SUTTON'S...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, KIP? YOU'VE BEEN SCOWLING AND MUMBLING ALL AFTERNOON!

SORRY, BABS. BUT SOMETHING'S BEEN BOTHERING ME-- AND I THINK IT'S BEGINNING TO CLEAR UP NOW IN MY MIND. BABS--THE **BLACK HOOD** IS GOING TO PAY THE WARDEN OF THE CENTRAL PRISON A VISIT!

WARDEN! DO YOU HAVE A PICTURE OF CHICK ROSS IN YOUR FILES?

ROSS? HE WAS EXECUTED LAST NIGHT!

LET'S SEE-- ROBERTS--ROSEN-- ROSS! HERE'S YOUR MAN!

MAY I HAVE A LOOK AT HIM, WARDEN?

AMAZING! IF IT WERENT FOR THE MUSTACHE---

DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ROSS'S EARLY CAREER?

NOT MUCH--- I THINK HE USED TO BE A SURGEON! THAT WAS YEARS AGO, THOUGH!

FOR SOME REASON, HE LOST HIS LICENSE! THEN HE TURNED TO CRIME!

HMMM! I SEE! DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE BODY IS NOW?

THE BODY? WHY, YES! WE SENT IT TO THE RAUT MEDICAL SCHOOL!

**HOLY SMOKES!** WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THAT BEFORE?





MEANWHILE I WONDER IF DOCTOR JACOBS HAS GOTTEN OVER HIS GROUCH! HE'S GOT SOME TALL APOLOGIZING TO DO!



V-WHY---HE'S NOT HERE! OH SURE! HE MUST BE IN HIS LAB!

THERE'S THE DOCTOR'S OLD TRUNK THAT HE'S ALWAYS JOKING ABOUT! WHAT'S IT DOING OUT HERE? I WONDER IF IT WOULD BE WICKED OF ME TO PEEK?



OOO-H-HH!!



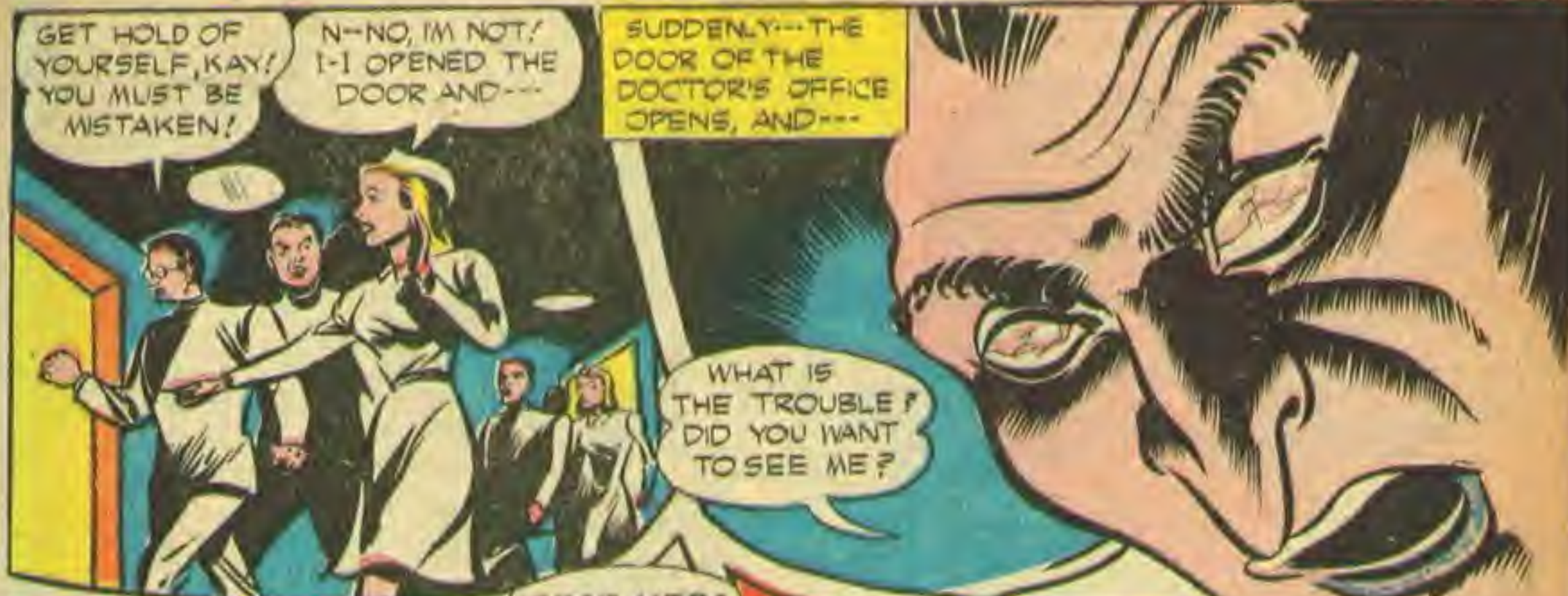
D-DOCTOR JACOBS! HE'S DEAD!! AND THERE'S B-BLOOD ALL OVER---OH, IT'S AWFUL!



OH, HOW HORRIBLE! THE DOCTOR! HE'S---HE'S---







GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, KAY! YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN!

N--NO, I'M NOT! I-I OPENED THE DOOR AND---

SUDDENLY--THE DOOR OF THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE OPENS, AND---

WHAT IS THE TROUBLE? DID YOU WANT TO SEE ME?



OOOOH!

GRAB HER! SHE'S FAINTED!

SHE MUST HAVE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD!--- DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT-- I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER!



WONDER WHAT MADE HER THINK THE DOC WAS DEAD? SHE MUST BE SCREWY!

OH--- YOU TWO MEN! I HAVE A TRUNKFUL OF ER-- OLD JUNK! WILL YOU TAKE IT TO MY HOME IN THE VAN!

A FEW MINUTES LATER THE BLACK HOOD ARRIVES AT THE HOSPITAL...

QUICK! WHERE'S DOCTOR JACOBS?



WHEW! WHAT'S OLD JACOBS GOT IN HERE ANYWAY? ANVILS?

I'LL SAY! HE MUST BE COLLECTING HIS OLD SCRAP!



HE'S NOT HERE! ONE OF THE NURSES FAINTED AND HE TOOK HER HOME! SHE THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD!

SHE THOUGHT HE WAS... SAY!

LOOK AT YOURSELF! YOU'RE COVERED WITH BLOOD! HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?

HUH? DARNED IF I KNOW!

I PUT THIS UNIFORM ON FRESH THIS AFTERNOON TOO!-- WENT TO AN INTERNS MEETING-- THEN I HELPED CARRY THAT TRUNK FOR DOC JACOBS--

TRUNK? WHAT TRUNK?

IT WAS RIGHT HERE IN THE CORNER AND-- GOOD LORD! BLOOD!!

MEANWHILE AT DOCTOR JACOBS' HOME A STRANGE SCENE IS BEING ENACTED!

OOOHH!

AHHH! ARE YOU FEELING BETTER, MY DEAR?

THE BACK OF HIS HEAD--IT'S SHAVED AND THOSE BURNS!

H-H-E'S GOING TO KILL ME-- I KNOW IT! IF I CAN ONLY STALL FOR TIME!

SO YOU THOUGHT I WAS DEAD?

WH-WHY, NO, DOCTOR-- I M-MUST HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN!

BUT THE BODY YOU SAW IN THE TRUNK-- THAT WAS NO MISTAKE, WAS IT?





YES! I AM AN EYE-CUTTED CRIMINAL!-- SEE MY HEAD-- IT'S SHAVED! AND THE CATHODE BURNS ON MY WRISTS-- BUT YOUR DOCTOR JACOBS WOULDN'T LET ME REST!



BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS AND SO YOU ARE GOING TO DIE--



GET AWAY FROM THAT GIRL, YOU MONSTER!



WHACK

HOOD, WE GOT HERE AS SOON AS WE GOT YOUR PHONE CALL-- HOLY MACKEREL!



YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME, WHOEVER YOU ARE! I CAN'T BE EXECUTED TWICE FOR THE SAME--

THE SAME CRIME? OH NO! YOU'LL DIE FOR THE MURDER OF DR. JACOBS, YOUR BROTHER!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT ALL, KIP. YOU SAY THE DEAD MAN WAS DR. JACOBS'S BROTHER?

YES WHEN JACOBS SAW HIS BROTHER DEAD, HE WORKED ON HIM-- AND BY MIRACULOUS SURGERY BROUGHT HIM BACK TO LIFE. BUT AS SOON AS THE KILLER REVIVED-- HE MURDERED JACOBS. YOU SEE-- JACOBS HAD ROBBED HIM OF ETERNAL REST!



**THE END**



# BENEDICT ARNOLD'S SHOES

## A BLACK HOOD STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

**P**ROFESSOR Ralph McCauley, the well-known historian and authority on the American Revolution, had no enemies. A hundred people, each of them world-famous and thoroughly reliable, would swear to this fact. He was a gentle, scholarly old man who spent most of his time among his books and rarely if ever left his home. He had no enemies and no one on earth had reason to do him harm.

That was why the police were so shocked when Eric McCauley, the professor's nephew, phoned and told them that he had just discovered his uncle lying on his study floor with a bullet through his head.

It might have been robbery, but it wasn't. Ralph McCauley had books worth thousands of dollars—early American volumes—scattered across his desk. These hadn't been touched. His wall safe, which contained a thousand dollars in cash, could easily have been discovered and broken open. It hadn't been touched, either.

So Detective Larson was pretty much annoyed at receiving this difficult case, and he took his anger out on Sgt. McGinty, who had been assigned to work with him.

Finally McGinty, in desperation, suggested that The Black Hood might be able to help figure things out. That's how The Black Hood came into the case.

The police photographers had

already been there when The Black Hood arrived. The Hood examined the body carefully. From the angle of the wound, somebody had entered through the rear study door, and shot down right through the back of McCauley's head.

"What time did he die?" The Black Hood asked the coroner.

The coroner twisted his face thoughtfully. "Hard to tell," he said. "No more than two hours ago—no less than a half hour ago."

Suddenly, the door burst open, and a young lady rushed into the room. The policeman who had been assigned to guard the front door followed her, protesting loudly.

The lady pushed him away. "I can tell you what time Professor McCauley was shot," she said.

The Black Hood turned and looked at her. "How?" he said.

"I'm a public stenographer," the girl said. "Name's Ruth Martin. I've been working with Professor McCauley on his latest book, *Facts about the American Revolution* . . . typing from his hand-written script and occasionally taking straight dictation. I work in a public stenographer's office on the other end of town—work till ten each night. That's how I know what time the professor was shot." She paused impressively. "The professor and I have—uh—had a peculiar arrangement. Sometimes when

the professor did more work on his book after I left him and he wanted to get the chapter typed that same night, he'd phone me at my office and dictate the stuff right over the phone. That's what he was doing tonight—when someone came in and shot him. I heard it right over the phone."

"Very interesting," said The Black Hood.

"Yes," said the girl. "I heard it right over the phone. I told Agnes and Ethel—those are two of the girls who work with me—and they said I must have been mistaken. 'Course I wasn't sure enough to call the police; didn't want to make a fool of myself—but I rushed right down here . . . and I see that I was right. Hmph! Telling me I can't believe my own ears."

"What time did you hear the shot?" asked The Hood.

"The time," Ruth Martin said, "was one minute before ten. Exactly forty-six minutes ago. That's how long it takes to get here by subway."

Eric McCauley had been listening to all this in silence. Now he rushed forward, clutched The Black Hood's arm, and said, "There! That proves the big flatfoot is cockeyed."

"I don't understand," said The Black Hood. He turned to Larson. "What's it all about, Larson?"

Larson looked sheepish. "Well, it's this way, Hood. I kinda figured this guy here had something to do with it. You



know—one of them family quarrels. He's the only one who lived here with the Prof. and he's the only one who has a key. But he has an alibi from 9:45 on—he was seen by over 10 people in a bar miles away—and if the murder was committed at a minute before 10—well, I don't know what to say."

"I see," said The Black Hood. "Miss Martin, are you sure it was Professor McCauley's voice you heard on the phone?"

Ruth Martin nodded her head positively. "No doubt about it. I've heard his voice on the phone often enough."

The Black Hood frowned. There was a simple solution to all this. There must be. . . .

Suddenly he started. "A question, Larson. Was there only one bullet fired?"

Larson shook his head. "Yes. Just one bullet. No other one in the wall or anything."

"That fits," said The Hood. "This is really incredibly simple. Now if I can only find the proof . . ." He frowned thoughtfully. "Maybe . . . maybe . . ." He turned to Ruth Martin. "Do you have the transcript of the dictation Professor McCauley gave you?"

Ruth nodded.

"Then read it to me."

"We were up to Benedict Arnold," Ruth Martin said. She cleared her throat and started:

"Arnold was mad with rage. He felt that he had been played the fool. Quickly he pushed his stockinged feet into his shoes, tied his laces, and stamped out of his house. He had decided to join the British!"

"That's enough," The Black Hood said. "I hoped that the

killer would be dumb enough to make a mistake of this sort—and I was in luck. Right at the beginning."

Larson had been examining the manuscript on Professor McCauley's desk. "Hey, Hood," he burst out, "this manuscript don't say nothing like that."

Ruth Martin walked over to the manuscript and, gingerly, examined it, too. "Why, this is the section we worked on this afternoon. The dictation I received starts where this ends. The man who did the killing must have stolen it."

"Not quite," The Hood said. He turned to Larson. "Put the cuffs on friend Eric there."

Eric leaped back, but Larson clipped him once, hard, and slapped the cuffs on him. Then he turned to The Hood and said, plaintively, "I don't get it, Hood. I don't get it at all."

"Here's how it all happened," The Hood said. "I can't tell you the exact time, but considerably before Eric McCauley's alibi starts, at 9:45, he entered this house and shot his uncle. Your family quarrel angle is probably right, Larson—I've read newspaper pieces often enough about Eric's playboy stunts, and I guess the Professor refused to give Eric money. So Eric went out, got tanked up, and came back and murdered his uncle."

"But the voice—and the shot I heard? How about that?" Ruth Martin demanded.

"Well," said The Hood, "after the murder, Eric got into his car, drove speedily to the barroom and proceeded to make himself seen by all. Then he went into a phone booth—one of those new soundproof booths where people on the

outside can't hear sounds made on the inside—and proceeded to apparently dictate material for his book. The family voice resemblance and the natural distortion of any voice over a telephone wire made you think it was his uncle. Then, keeping the booth window covered with his back, he fired a silenced gun, and the bullet went into the wall. On three counts—the soundproof booth; the silenced gun; and the noise made by people outside the booth—he knew that the shot wouldn't be heard. After that he hung up, stayed with the people in the barroom a few more minutes, and then went home to 'discover' his uncle's body. Being the only one who lived in the house, he knew he had to be the one to discover it. He probably planned to dig the bullet out of the wall some time in the future."

Larson scratched his head. "I can understand, if you've broken the alibi, how you know Eric was the one who did it—since he was the only one who had a key to the house . . . but how did you break the alibi? I don't see nothin' wrong with that Benedict Arnold stuff."

\* The Black Hood smiled. "The American Revolution is one of my favorite historical periods," he said, "and I'm pretty familiar with every phase of it. Note that the dictation said Arnold tied his shoes—shoes . . . plural. Professor McCauley would never make a mistake like this. Benedict Arnold could have tied only one shoe. By the time Arnold decided to join the British, he had only one leg. The other had been shot off in a battle shortly before that."



# Señor SIESTA

by Don Dean.

ONCE AGAIN THE CURTAIN RISES ON OUR GOOD NEIGHBORS, SENOR SIESTA AND SANCHE, THE DUSKY GENTLEMEN WHO ARE ALWAYS ONE OF TWO THINGS, HUNGRY--THIRSTY ---- OR BOTH !!

CARAMBA! I AM SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT THEES RAW, BUT THE MUSHROOM AN' THE TOADSTOOL, SHE LOOK SO MOOCH THE SAME!

PHOOF! EES SIMPLE TO TELL APART, SENOR SIESTA! YOU EAT THEM--THEN EEF YOU WAKE UP MAÑANA-- THEY ARE MUSHROOMS! HO! HO! HO!



WELL, SANCHE? WHEECH WAY DO WE MAKE WEETH?

SIMPLE AGAIN, AMIGO, LOOK! -- THEY ARE **HIRING** SENORS IN BLANCA -- SO WE TAKE THE **OPPOSEET** DIRECTION, SI?



BAH! ALL THEES WALKING EES SO FOOLISH--LET US THUMB HITCH AMERICANO STYLE!

HOKAY! SOME WHERE I SEE THE AMERICANOS DO EET THEES WAY!



BAH! EES NO GOOD--MAYBE??



LOOK, SANCHE! SOMETHEENG FALL OFF HEES TRUCK--  
**HEY, SENOR, STOOP! STOOP!**







LOOK SIESTA! WE  
HAVE UNEARTHED THE  
RUINS OF AN ANCIENT  
CIVILIZATION, MOS'  
PROBABLY, THE  
AZTECS OR MAYBE  
REPUBLICOONS!

HOKAY! HOKAY!  
BUT LET US  
GET OUTA HERE  
EES NOTHEENG  
BUT JUNK!

**JUNK??**

FOOLISH WAN, THEES PIECE  
ALONE EES WORTH  
MANY MANY PESOS.  
AGAIN WE ARE  
**REECH!!!**

**ZING!**

DIOS MIO,  
SANCHO, I  
THEENK MY EYES  
ARE SICK-LOOK!

WHAT ARE THESE  
STRANGE  
CREATURES?

THEY HAVE BEARDS  
--- THEY ARE **MEN**---  
MEN FROM ANOTHER  
WORLD!!!

HO! HO! THEES EES  
WHERE THE GREAT  
SANCHO MAKES WEETH  
THE WOO --- AH! MY  
**BEAUTIFUL**  
SENORITA, COME---

**WHAM**



YOU MUST LEARN  
YOUR PLACE,  
INTRUDING DOG,  
--HERE MEN ARE  
BUT MERE  
**SLAVES!**



COME! WE SHALL  
MARCH THE  
TRESPASSERS TO  
THE PALACE OF OUR  
FAIR EMPRESS!

SOOCH A  
COUNTRY!  
CARAMBA!



WHAT UNEARTHLY  
BEINGS ARE THESE  
BEFORE THE EYES  
OF EMPRESS  
NINKA?



TRAVELERS FROM  
A STRANGE  
LAND, OH GREAT  
ONE! SHALL I  
HAVE THEM  
SHACKLED AND  
PUT TO THE  
DRUDGERY  
THAT SO BECOMES  
THEIR SEX?



NO! I FORBID IT! SINCE  
THEY ARE NOT OF OUR MEN  
FOLK THEY SHALL BE  
RECEIVED AS  
**HONORED GUESTS**  
TODAY----



**YIPPO!  
BRAVO!**

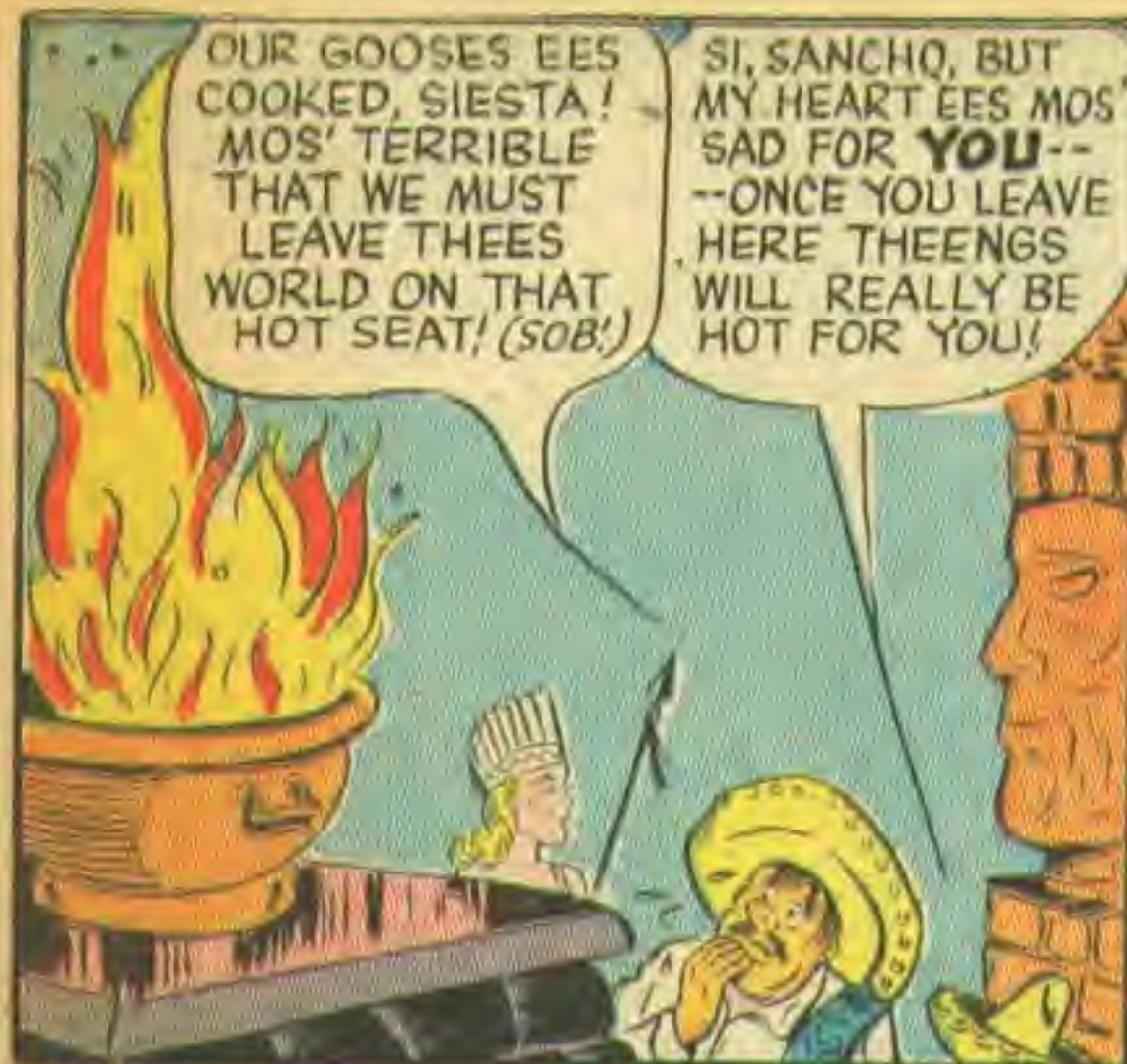
YAAAAA!  
FOR YOU,  
SENORITA  
SOLDIER!



---FOR TOMORROW'S SUN  
SHALL SEE THEIR ASHES  
ON THE SACRED ALTAR  
OF SACRIFICE!!









THEES EES BEEG  
OUTRAGE! MANY  
TIMES EES SANCHE  
THROWN EEN JAILS  
---BOOT BY A  
WOOMIN---  
**NEVER!!!**

LOOK OUT  
THERE, SANCHE!  
SEE HOW THEY  
KEEP ALL THE  
MEN EEN  
CHAINS!!!



DO NOT SLACKEN  
YOUR EFFORTS,  
DOGS!

W-WATER!



WE MUST SAVE THEM!  
WE MUST POOT THE  
**MEN** IN THEIR  
RIGHTFUL PLACES!

SI, SI, SIESTA!  
BUT HOW?  
TOMORROW  
WE **DIE**!!



HA! I WEEL  
THEENK OF SOME  
WAY---JEEST  
GEEVE ME  
TIME!!

**POOF!** I WANT  
TO LIVE, SIESTA,  
BOOT NOT THAT  
'LONG!



**YIPPO!** I HAVE  
EET!!! SANCHE,  
THEES **BROOM**,  
WEEL BE THE KEY  
TO FREEDOM FOR  
US AND ALL MEN!!

YOU FEEL HOKAY,  
SEÑOR SIESTA, NO?

HERE, MILK SOPS, I  
THOUGHT YOU MIGHT  
ENJOY TIDYING UP  
YOUR QUARTERS---  
HA! HA! HA!

G-GRACIAS,  
SEÑORITA!



IS SEÑOR SIESTA MAD TO THINK HE CAN  
OVERTHROW THIS FEMALE REGIME WITH  
A MERE **BROOM**? IMPOSSIBLE??  
WELL, LET'S GET NEXT ISSUE AND SEE!!!!



# SNOOP McGOOK



YOU'RE NO DOUBT ASKING YOURSELF WHO ARE THE FOUR IN THIS PICTURE! WELL, WE COULD TELL YOU THAT THE GUY AT THE EXTREME RIGHT IS SNOOP McGOOK, HERO OF THIS PIECE, THAT THE TWO GUYS IN THE CONVICTS UNIFORMS ARE SLUG AND SHRIMP, AND THAT THE GIRL IS MOLLIE MOLLOY, THE TOUGHEST BABE WHO EVER BLACKENED A FELLOW'S EYE— BUT WE WON'T! WHY DON'T YOU READ THE STORY AND FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF? YOU LAZY OR SOMETHING?



OUR STORY BEGINS ON A WILDLY EXCITING NOTE IN A SPINSTER CLUB. YES, MY DEARS, I'VE GOT A DATE TONIGHT! OH DEAR— THE WAY THESE MEN SIMPLY **INSIST** ON ANNOYING ME WITH THEIR ATTENTIONS!



SEE HERE, ESMERALDA, YOU NEEDN'T BE SO CATTY! CAN I HELP IT IF YOU'RE REPULSIVE?



OH IS THAT SO? IF YOU LIFT YOUR FACE ONCE MORE YOU'LL NEED A PILOT'S LICENSE TO GO OUT FOR A WALK!



HIVA AUNTY AGATHA! ALL SET?

AUNTY! HA HA! NEXT YOU'LL BE GOING OUT WITH YOUR GRANDCHILDREN, AGATHA!

OH! I'M SO THRILLED! YES, AGGY AND I ARE GOING TO THE BEAUX ARTS BALL! AGGY'LL HAVE A SWELL TIME WITH A GREAT DETECTIVE LIKE ME AS HER ESCORT!



OH! ARE YOU GOING TO THE BEAUX ARTS BALL? COULDN'T YOU GET SOME FRIENDS FOR THE REST OF US GIRLS? WE'D SOOO LOVE TO GO!



LET--ME--SEE--NOW! HEY, I THINK I CAN GET SOME ESCORTS FOR YOU! HOLD TIGHT WHILE I MAKE A PHONE CALL!





AND AT THE OTHER END OF SNOOP'S PHONE CALL---

HELLO-MOLLOY'S ESCORT SERVICE! WHAT? SURE I'LL GET YOU SOME MEN! O.K., BIG BOY!

YOU WANT US, BOSS?

YEAH! YOU WANT US?

LISTEN, FELLOWS-- HOP INTO YOUR TAILS! I GOT A SOFT JOB LINED UP FOR YOU!

YEAH, SLUG! WATCH MY SPEED!

BOY! WE'RE GETTIN' RITZY, SHRIMP! DEM OLD DAMES IS GONNA HAVE PLENTY OF ROCKS!

LATER, AT THE BALL--

SAY, YOU'RE QUITE A STEPPER, AGATHA, OLD GIRL!

TEE HEE! YOU'RE NOT BAD YOURSELF, SNOOPIE WOOPIE!

SLUG MANAGES TO DANCE OVER TO SHRIMP--

PSST! HEY, SHRIMP! GET THEM LIGHTS OUT AND WE'LL GRAB THE JEWELS!

RIGHT!

AH! MY DEAR LITTLE FLOWER! WILL YOU EXCUSE ME FOR A FEW SECONDS?

OH! DEAR! SUCH A KNIGHT! SURELY! SURELY!

YIFE! I'VE GOTTA FOLLOW THAT LITTLE GUY. HE'S UP TO NO GOOD!

HERE'S THE CELLAR NOW! THE SWITCH MUST BE DOWN HERE!

I'M WISE TO YOU, BUB! THAT'S WHY I CAME DOWN AFTER YOU!

ULP!

I KNOW YOU CAME DOWN TO DUCK THOSE WOMEN UPSTAIRS! WELL-- SO DID I!

WHEW! SAY, DYA WANNA HELP ME WITH SOMETHIN'?



YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT ME TRYIN' TO  
ESCAPE THE GIRLS! I JUST CAME  
DOWN HERE TO SWITCH ON THE  
FAN----- AND YOU CAN HELP ME  
BY PULLING THAT SWITCH IN THE  
LOWER LEFT HAND CORNER!

THIS  
ONE?

CLICK

CENTRAL  
HALL ROOM

UPSTAIRS---

OH, OSWALD,  
(TEE HEE)  
THAT'S THE  
FIRST TIME  
YOU KISSED  
ME IN  
YEARS!

WAS THAT  
YOU I  
KISSED?

HEY! TAKE  
YOUR HAND  
OUT OF MY  
POCKET!

OKAY!  
OKAY!  
TAKE  
YOUR  
HANDS OFF!  
I WAS  
ONLY  
LOOKIN' FOR  
A MATCH!

YEOW!  
LET GO  
MY NOSE!

OOPS! FARDON  
ME! I THOUGHT  
IT WAS A  
LIGHT SWITCH!

HELP! THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
HANGING ON  
TO ME!

THAT'S MY WIS,  
ESMERALDA,  
YOU DOPE!

AND WHEN THE LIGHT GO ON  
MINUTES LATER---

MY PEARLS!  
MY LOVELY  
PEARLS!  
THEY'RE  
GONE!

AND MINE---  
THEY'RE GONE TOO!

POLICE!

CELLAR

AND YOU---A  
FINE DETECTIVE  
YOU TURNED OUT  
TO BE! WHERE  
WERE YOU WHEN  
THIS WAS GO-  
ING ON?

IF I HAD AN  
UMBRELLA, I'D  
BEND IT AROUND  
YOUR EARS!

MEANWHILE---

BOY, WHAT A  
CLEAN UP WE  
MADE, EH, SHRMP?

BET YOUR  
LIFE! WE  
MUST  
HAVE  
FIFTY  
GRAND  
IN ROCKS!

LATER---

HIYA, BOYS,  
YOU GET  
THE SPARKLERS?

SURE WE GOT  
'EM, MOLLIE!  
SHRIMP AND ME  
NEVER FAIL!

WELL, HAND  
'EM OVER.  
I'LL DIVIDE  
'EM AS USUAL!

OH, NO! SHRIMP AND ME  
HAVE BEEN TALKIN'  
IT OVER, AND WE  
DECIDED THAT  
THIS TIME **WE**  
GET THE EIGHTY  
PERCENT!

WHAT! WHY  
YOU DIRTY  
REB!!! I'LL---

HALP!  
HALP! WE  
WAS ONLY  
KIDDIN'!  
HALP!





AND ONE HOUR LATER WITH SNOOP McGOOK---

IT'S YOUR FAULT! YOU WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE A CRIMINAL IF ONE BIT YOU!

YES! DOROTHEA'S ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! YOU'RE A PHONY, THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE!



SUDDENLY!!

WAIT! HOLD EVERYTHING! I'VE FINALLY FIGURED THE CASE OUT! ALLOW ME TO MAKE A PHONE CALL!

HELLO? MOLLY MOLLOY? THIS IS McGOOK! YOU'RE THE CROOK BEHIND THE BEAUX ARTS BALL ROBBERY---



WHY, MR. MCGOOK--- HOW CAN YOU SAY SUCH A THING? HOW CAN A GREAT BIG HANDSOME DETECTIVE LIKE YOU SAY SUCH A THING OF POOR LITTLE ME?



WHY, JUST THIS MINUTE I WAS THINKING OF YOU! MY FRIENDS AND I ARE GOING TO THE SOCIETY MASQUERADE! CAN YOU MEET US THERE? I'D LOVE TO HAVE YOU AS MY ESCORT!

(GULP! S-SURE YOU-- (GLUG-- BET!



NOW DON'T FORGET TO DO WHAT I TOLD YOU!



ME, I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON MCGOOK AND MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T GET ANY MORE BRIGHT IDEAS ABOUT THE BEAUX ARTS JOB!



I SEE MCGOOK HASN'T ARRIVED YET! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM WHEN HE COMES! YOU GUYS GET RIGHT TO WORK!

RIGHT!



HEY, MOLLIE-- HERE I AM! HOW DO YOU LIKE MY GET-UP?



I USED TO BE PRETTY GOOD AT THIS WHEN I WAS A KID!

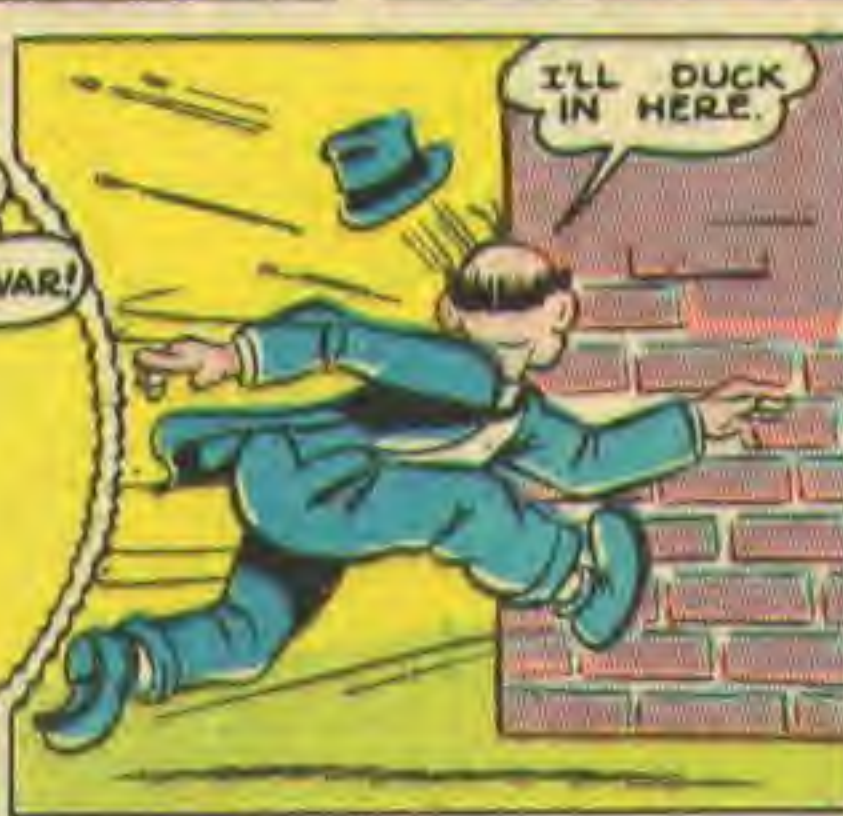




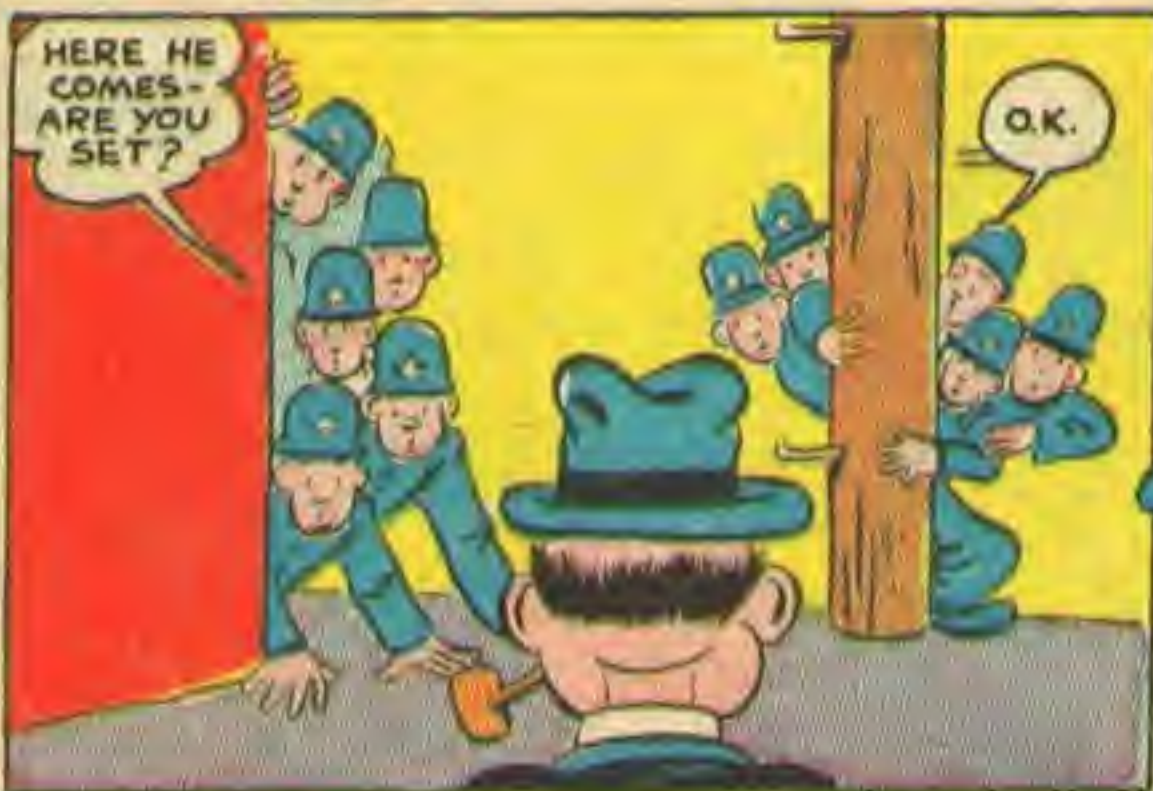












LATER







BOY I'M GLAD THAT'S OVER!



A SECOND LATER

WHAT TH- WHO ARE YOU GUYS?

WE'RE THE SECOND TEAM!



NOW FOR THE THOUSAND TIME ARE YA GONNA TALK?

SAY, HOW LONG ARE YOU GONNA KEEP THIS UP?



WE'RE GONNA GRILL YOU TILL YOU TALK!

BUT SUPPOSE I DON'T CRACK?



THEN WE'LL SWEAT YOU FOREVER!

FOREVER? WOE IS ME - WOE IS ME IF SOMEONE WOULD ONLY GET ME OUT.



HEY WHAT TH-!

JEEPEES SLIM'S COLLAPSED! QUICK! GET THE DOCTOR.

RIGHT!



HEAVENLY EXPRESS

BOY THAT WAS CLOSE PETE!

HELL BENT LOCAL

HEY ANGEL! PUSS HOW'S BUSINESS?



LATER IN HEAVEN

GEE THANKS PETE HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU!

NEVER MIND THE COMPLIMENT! DO YOU RECALL YOU CAN'T JUST GO AROUND GETTING BODIES WITHOUT MY PERMISSION - LOOK! AT ALL THE TROUBLE YOU'VE CAUSED ON EARTH.

BUT! I TELL YA DOC HE WAS HERE JUST FIVE MINUTES AGO.

NONSENSE THIS BODY DIED FROM GUN SHOT WOUNDS THREE HOURS AGO.



OH WELL! I DON'T THINK I'LL GO BACK ON EARTH AGAIN PETE - I KIND OF LIKE IT UP HERE.

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK LISTEN I'VE GOT A BODY ALREADY PICKED OUT FOR YOU.

DON'T FORGET TO WATCH FOR GUS IN THE NEXT TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS





LADY IN DRYGOODS STORE  
- MAY I LOOK THROUGH  
YOUR BLANKETS FOR A  
FRIEND OF MINE?  
SALESLADY- YOUR  
FRIEND WOULDN'T BE IN  
THE BLANKETS WITH-  
OUT OUR KNOWING IT!

MAN IN BUTCHER  
SHOP - GIVE ME A  
POUND OF KIDLIES!  
BUTCHER - YOU  
MEAN KIDNEYS,  
DON'T YOU?  
MAN - WELL I  
I SAID KIDLES,  
DID'N I?

PSYCHIATRIST: WHY,  
THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU'RE CRAZY! I  
LIKE PANCAKES, TOO!  
WOMAN: YOU DO? THEN YOU MUST  
COME HOME WITH ME! I  
HAVE TEN  
SUITCASES  
FULL!

MARY- COME ON, TAKE A BATH AND GET CLEANED UP/ I'LL GET YOU A DATE!  
JEAN- YEAH! AND THEN SUPPOSE YOU DON'T GET ME A DATE?

WAITER: SAD THE  
FUSSEY DINER, I WANT  
SOME OYSTERS-BUT THEY  
MUSTNT BE TOO LARGE OR  
TOO SMALL, TOO OLD OR TOO  
TOUGH, AND THEY MUSTNT BE  
SALTY/ I WANT THEM GOLD AND  
I WANT THEM AT ONCE!  
WAITER- YEE SIR,  
WITH OR WITHOUT PEARLS?

YOO HOO!

GOODNESS, GEORGE, THIS  
ISN'T OUR BABY! THIS IS  
THE WRONG CARRIAGE!  
SHUT UP! THIS IS A  
BETTER CARRIAGE!



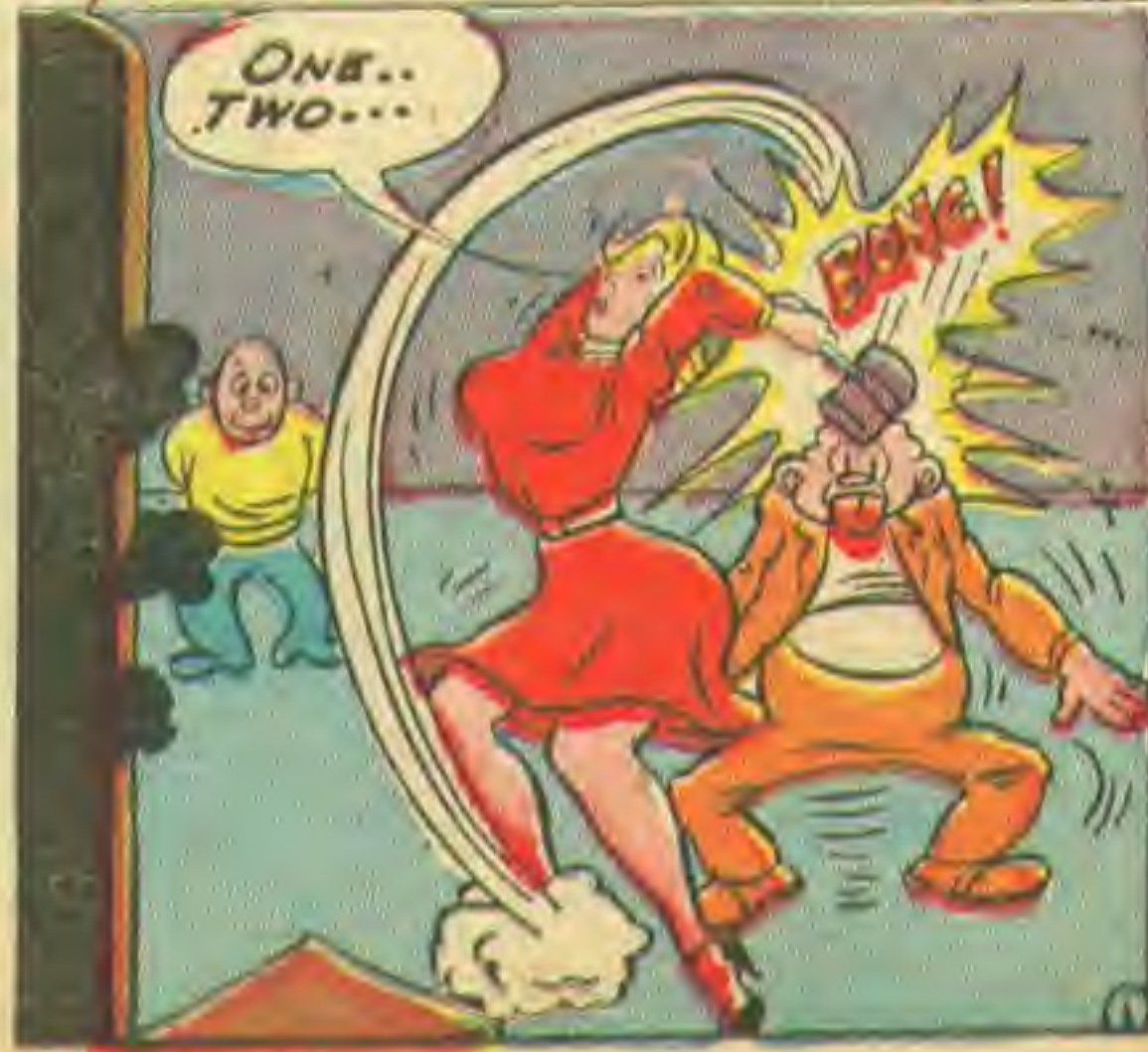
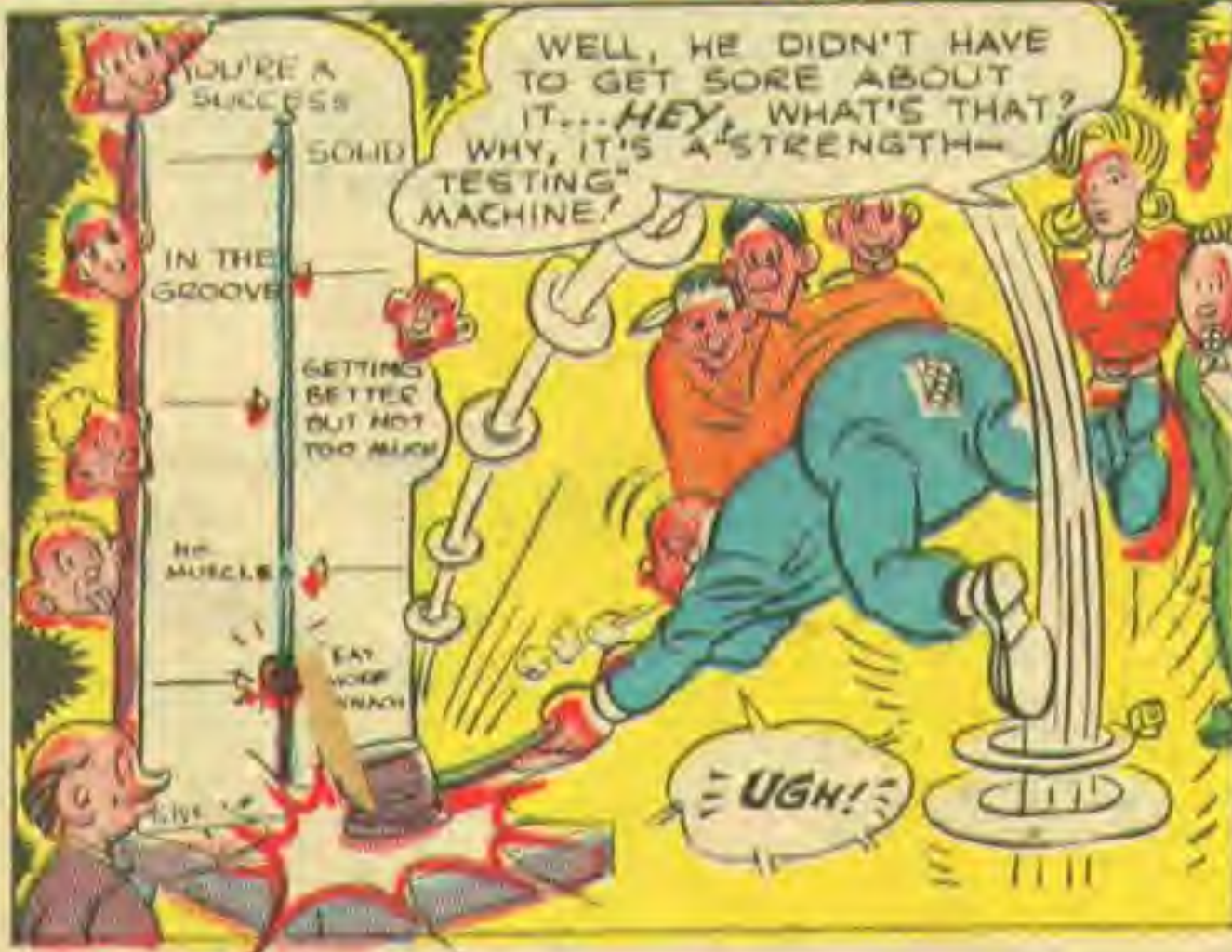


# SUZIE

WELL, IF YOU KNEW SUZIE LIKE WE KNOW SUZIE, YOU'D SAY THAT THE SITUATION IS FRAUGHT WITH DANGER. HERE SHE IS ON A TRAIN BOUND FOR HOLLYWOOD AND SUZIE IS BEGINNING TO GET JUST A LITTLE BIT BORED. THAT MEANS THAT IN A MINUTE OR SO, SHE'S GOING TO START LOOKING FOR DIVERSION! WATCH OUT, EVERYBODY! DUCK! HERE SHE COMES..!

Ho-Hum! GUESS I'LL GO INTO THE GAME ROOM AND SEE WHAT'S COOKING!

HEY! OUCH!











HERE, MR. WURBLE, LET ME HELP YOU UP!

THANK YOU, YOUNG LADY! THANK YOU!



AND WON'T YOU RECONSIDER THE OFFER **NOW?** WHY WAIT ALL THE HOURS IT'LL TAKE TO START THE TRAIN? MY SUCCESS SCHOOL IS JUST A SHORT DISTANCE FROM HERE, HOW ABOUT IT?..



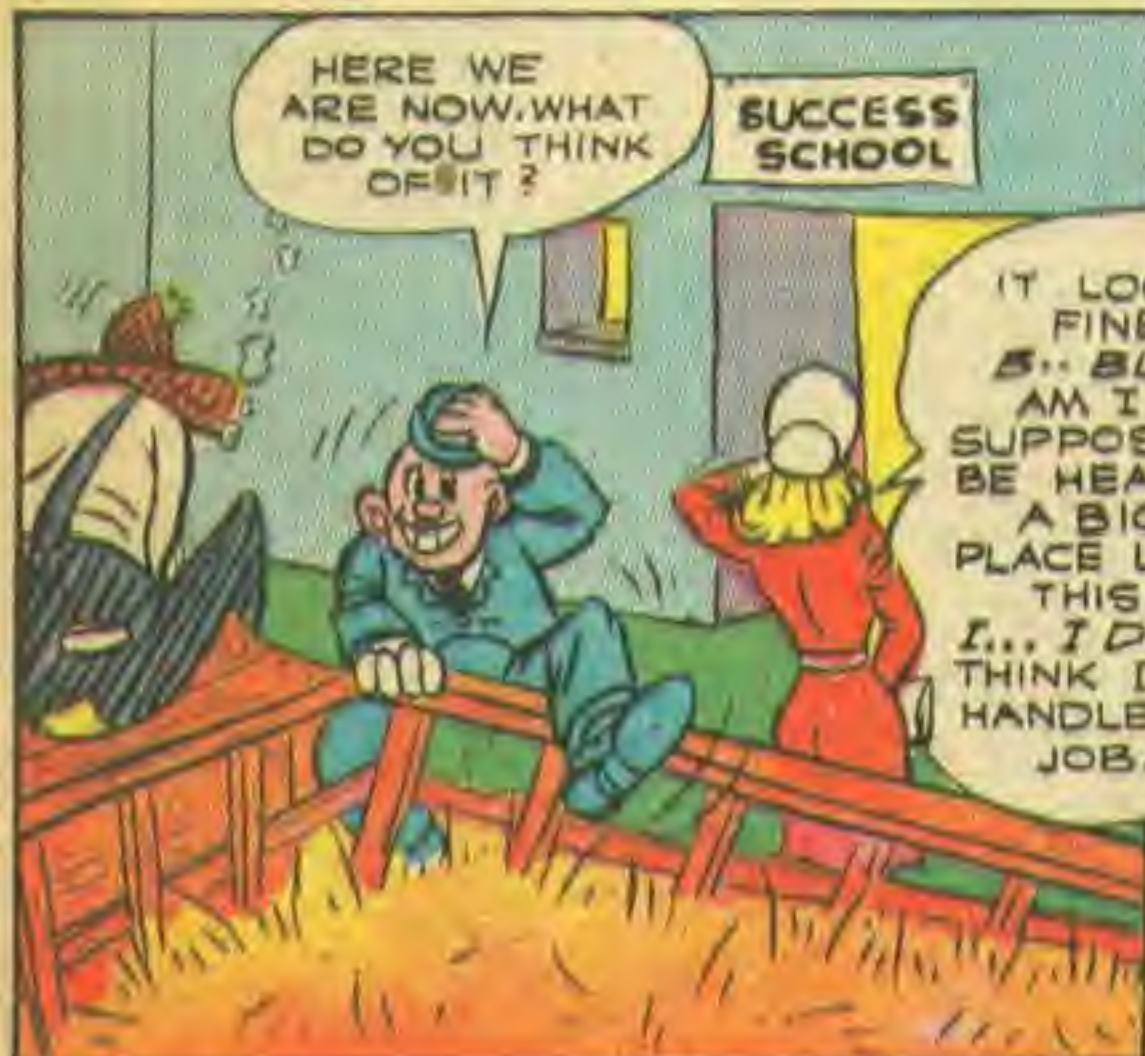
GEE, MR. WURBLE... I THINK I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON IT! **ANYTHING**, TO GET AWAY FROM THIS BOREDOM!



DON'T BE IMPATIENT, MY DEAR. WE'LL BE THERE IN FIVE MINUTES!

IS IT MUCH FURTHER, MR. WURBLE?

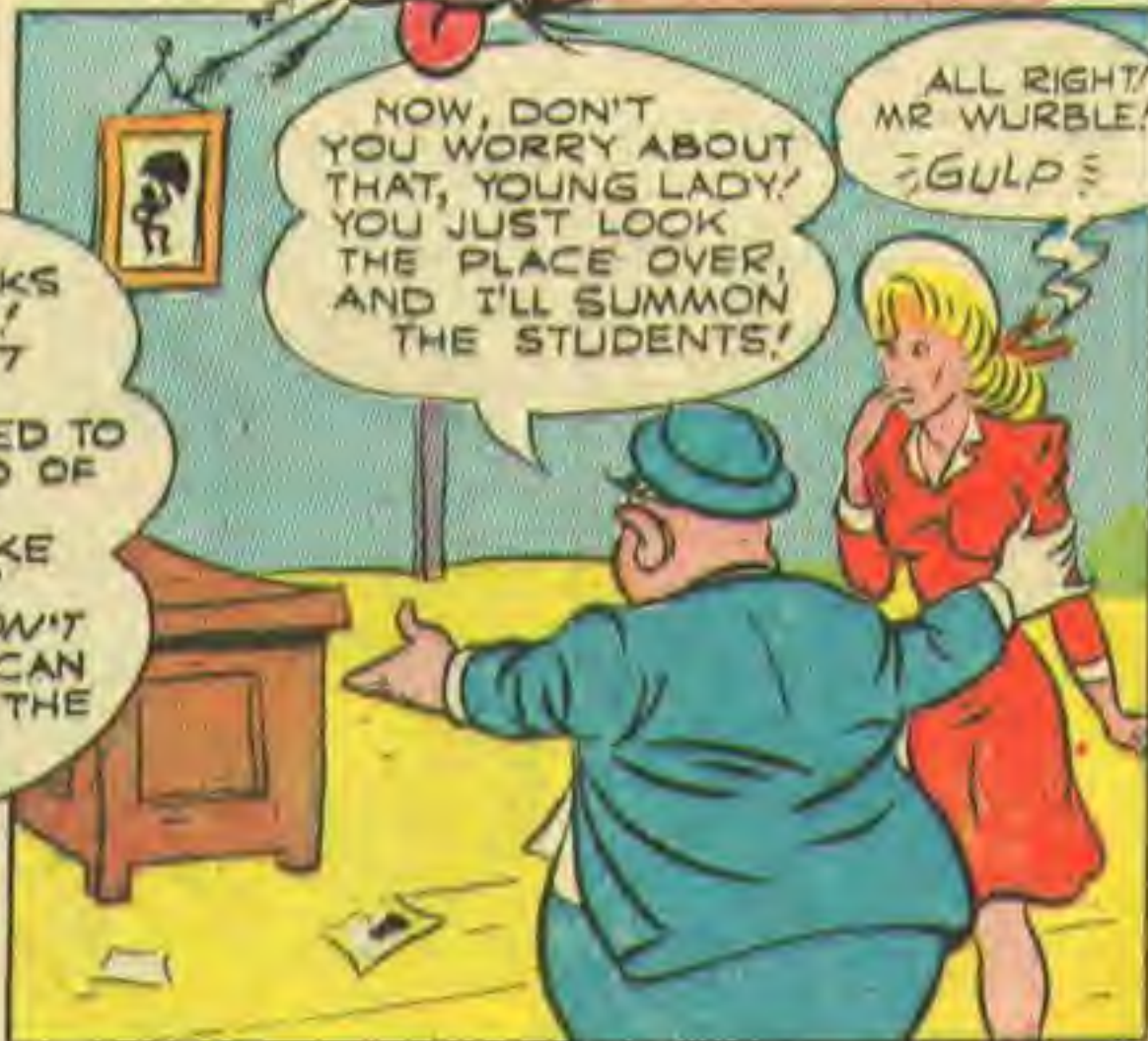
AND SO, ONE HOUR LATER..



HERE WE ARE NOW. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?

SUCCESS SCHOOL

IT LOOKS FINE! **BUT** AM I SUPPOSED TO BE HEAD OF A BIG PLACE LIKE THIS? I... I DON'T THINK I CAN HANDLE THE JOB!



NOW, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT, YOUNG LADY! YOU JUST LOOK THE PLACE OVER, AND I'LL SUMMON THE STUDENTS!

ALL RIGHT! MR. WURBLE! **GULP**



LATER..

THERE YOU ARE, YOUNG LADY... YOUR STUDENTS... ALL FAILURES WHO WANT TO BE SUCCESSES GO OUT THERE... AND TEACH 'EM!



GEE, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TEACH PEOPLE, TO BE SUCCESSFUL, HOW WILL I... **HEY! I'VE GOT IT!** CLASS DIS-MISSED UNTIL TOMORROW! I'LL HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!



NEXT DAY...

PUPILS, THIS IS PROFESSOR NEMO, THE FAMOUS AUTHORITY ON HYPNOSIS. HE'LL ASSIST ME IN MY CLASSES!

HOW DO YOU DO, CLASS? I'LL BE-GIN WITH THIS GENTLEMAN RIGHT HERE. WILL YOU STEP UP, PLEASE?

ME?









ALL RIGHT, SUZIE!  
I WON'T BLOW UP!  
BUT I'M GOING TO  
DEMOTE YOU! FROM  
NOW ON, YOU'RE  
ASSISTANT TEACHER IN  
CHARGE OF OUR  
SLOWER-WITTED  
PUPILS!

YES  
SIR!



LATER

I'M GOING TO  
SUCCEED THIS TIME!  
LET'S SEE NOW...  
**HOW TO BE  
SUCCESSFUL IN  
EVERYTHING..**  
THAT'S THE  
BOOK I  
WANT!



NOW I'LL PICK A STUDENT  
FROM THE CLASS LIST. WILL...  
UH.. MONTMORENCY LE FLEUR  
STEP FORWARD?



YUH WANT  
ME,  
TEACHER?



Y..YES, MONTMORENCY,  
I'M GOING TO READ YOU  
A SECTION, ON "HOW TO BE  
A SUCCESSFUL MANUAL  
LABORER," REPEAT IT  
AFTER ME AND REMEMBER  
IT!

YES,  
TEACHER!

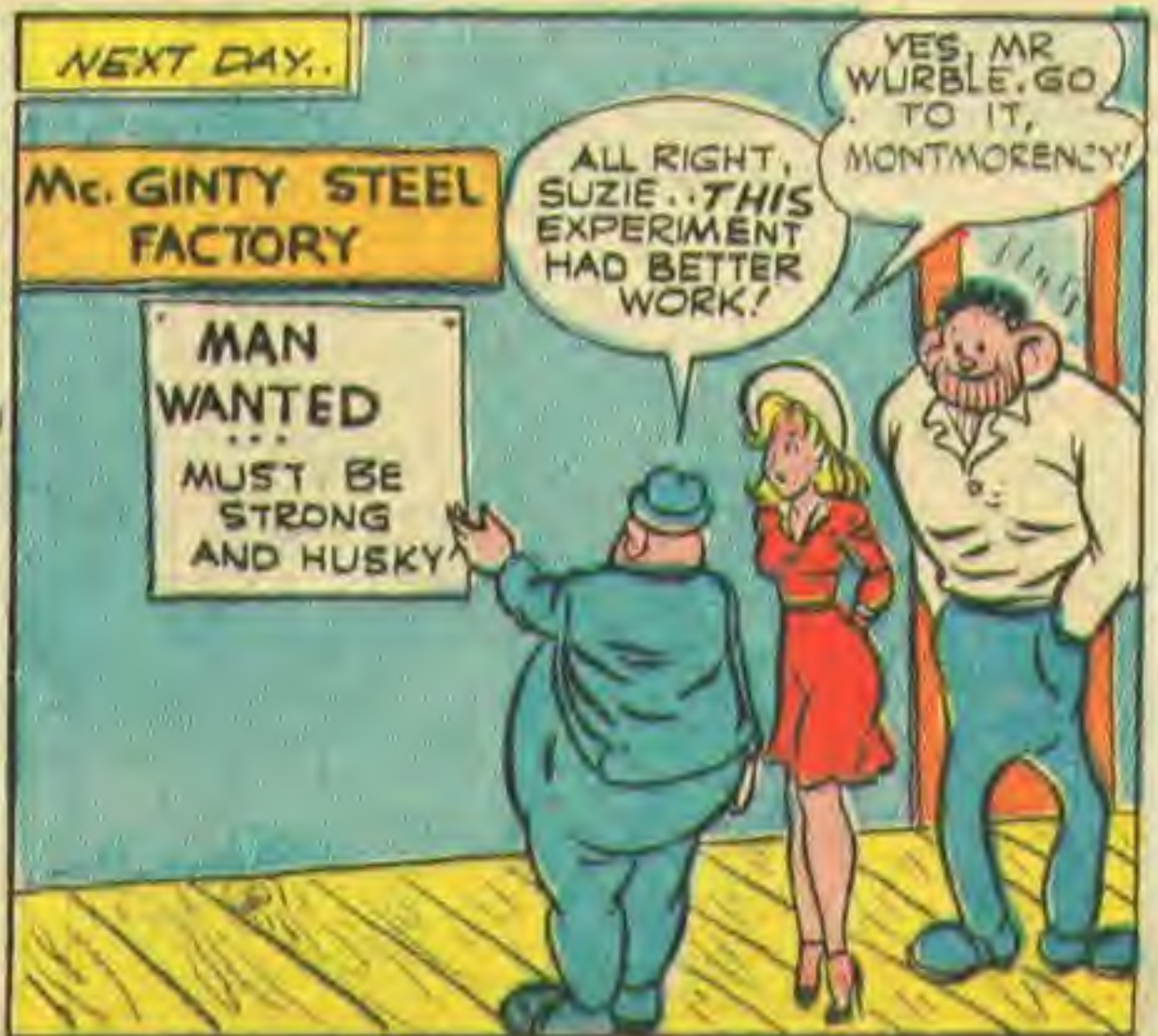


BUT LOOK! THE  
WIND IS TURNING THE  
PAGE.. TO "HOW TO  
BE A SUCCESSFUL  
GOVERNESS!"  
OH...GOLLY!



GEE, THIS SURE LOOKS FUNNY,  
BUT I GUESS THE MAN WHO  
WROTE IT KNOWS MORE ABOUT  
SUCCESS THEN I DO... OH, WELL,  
REPEAT AFTER ME! I'LL BE KIND  
TO CHILDREN, LOVING WITH  
INFANTS, AND WILL TAKE ESPECIAL  
CARE IN DIAPERING  
MATTERS!

?



NEXT DAY..

Mc. GINTY STEEL  
FACTORY

MAN  
WANTED  
...  
MUST BE  
STRONG  
AND HUSKY

ALL RIGHT,  
SUZIE.. THIS  
EXPERIMENT  
HAD BETTER  
WORK!

YES, MR  
WURBLE. GO  
TO IT,  
MONTMORENCY!





YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY, MR. WURBLE. I COACHED HIM OVER AND OVER AGAIN... HE'LL GET THE JOB!

FOR YOUR SAKE, I CERTAINLY HOPE SO!



?

S. SAY!

Woo... Woo...

CAN I HELP YOU PUT ON YOUR DIAPERS, DEARIE?



SUZIE! FROM THIS MINUTE ON, YOU ARE EMPLOYED BY ME AS A WASHERWOMAN! AND I'M GOING TO HIRE ANOTHER TEACHER!



NEXT DAY...

WELL! IT'S THE NEW TEACHER! COME IN! COME RIGHT IN!



BUT AS THE TEACHER WALKS FORWARD...



THIS IS TOO MUCH! THIS IS THE LAST STRAW!



YOU'RE FIRED! YOU HEARD ME... FIRED! GET OUT OF HERE, AND IF I EVER SEE YOU WITHIN 50 MILES OF THIS PLACE, I'LL MURRRDER YOU!



NEXT TRAIN AT 3:05

OH, WELL! I DIDN'T LIKE THAT SCHOOL MUCH, ANYWAY!



YOU SEE THAT'S THE WAY IT IS. SHE REALLY DOESN'T MEAN ANY HARM, BUT MORE PEOPLE GO SCREWY BECAUSE OF HER GOOD INTENTIONS... WHY IN HER ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH, FOR EXAMPLE, SHE NOT ONLY... BUT WAIT! INSTEAD OF TELLING YOU, WE'LL LET YOU FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF... GET YOUR COPY!



OUCH! NOW I'VE GONE AND DONE IT! THESE CHARACTERS WERE BEING SAVED AS A SURPRISE! OH, WELL, NOW THAT THE CAT'S OUT OF THE BAG, YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW THAT YOU'LL FIND ALL OF THESE -- AND ME TOO! -- IN THE NEW...

# ARCHIE COMICS!

HIVA, GANG!  
ME - I'M  
SQUOIMY  
D'WEIM.

I'M KINDA BUSY  
LOOKING FOR A  
CLUE RIGHT NOW -  
BUT I'LL PAUSE  
JUST FOR ONE  
MINUTE TO TELL  
YOU THAT I'M  
BUMBIE THE  
BEE-TECTIVE!

PERMIT ME TO  
INTRODUCE MYSELF.  
I AM JUDGE OWL  
QUITE A WISE OLD  
FELLOW, EVEN IF I  
DO SAY SO MYSELF!

AND JUST CALL  
ME CUBBY, KIDS!  
DON'T FORGET, I  
SURE WANT TO SEE  
YOU LOOKING ACROSS  
THE PAGE AT ME... SO  
GET YOUR COPY OF  
ARCHIE COMICS!  
IT'LL BE AT YOUR  
NEWSSTAND ANY  
DAY NOW!

ATTENTION, AMERICA! HERE IS OUR ANSWER TO THE THOUSANDS OF LETTERS THAT HAVE POURED IN... THE MILLIONS OF LAUGHS THAT HAVE ROCKED THE COUNTRY! **ARCHIE** IN A MAGAZINE OF HIS OWN. ON SALE SOON. LOOK FOR IT!



# PERCY

AVAST, PERCIVAL!  
SURE IS GOOD TO  
SEE YOU AGAIN, SON!  
THIS WAS OUR LAST  
TRIP...WE'RE LAYING  
UP THE YACHT FOR  
THE WINTER...

PERCIVAL DEAH!  
IT IS INDEED GOOD  
TO SEE YOU AGAIN  
AND BE HOME WITH  
YOU!

OH, MATER!  
DID YOU HAVE  
A GOOD TRIP?



THE LESS SAID OF THE TRIP  
THE BETTER! COME, PERCIVAL.  
WE'LL ALL GO HOME TOGETHER  
NOW.. YOU MUST HELP ME  
CATCH UP ON THE  
SOCIAL NEWS!

SCUTTLE  
THAT KIND  
OF TALK,  
MAGGIE!

BUT I'D  
APPRECIATE  
IT IF I MAY  
STAY AWHILE  
AND WATCH  
THE YACHT!

VERY WELL, DEAH! I SUPPOSE  
YOU MAY, BUT AS FOR  
ME IF I NEVER SEE THE  
YACHT AGAIN IT'LL BE  
TOO SOON! DON'T STAY  
TOO LONG, THOUGH, FOR  
WE'LL EXPECT YOU  
HOME FOR TEA!

YES,  
MATER!

THEN,  
PERCY  
NOTICES

HOW MANY TIMES  
DO I HAVE TO  
TELL YOU KIDS  
TO STAY OFF  
THIS DOCK! IT'S  
DANGEROUS!









PARTY! THAT'S IT...HOW'D YOU FELLOWS LIKE TO BE MY GUESTS FOR A PARTY ON MY FATHER'S YACHT FOR THANKSGIVING? HE'S LAYING UP THE YACHT FOR THE WINTER, SO WE'LL HAVE IT ALL TO OURSELVES!

WOW! ON A REAL YACHT!

WHOOPE! WE'RE REALLY HOITY TOITY! YOU'RE ON, KID! WILL YOUSE HAVE YOUR CHAUFFEUR PICK US UP, OR SHALL I USE ME OWN LIMOUSINE?

THEN IT'S SETTLED, EH, FELLOWS? WELL, I'VE GOT TO GET HOME. MY MATER'LL BE EXPECTING ME..SEE YOU TOMORROW, FELLOWS!

YOU BET! WE'LL BE THERE WITH BELLS ON!

SO LONG POICY!

MEANWHILE AT THE PLUMMER'S MANSION.

JASPER!!!

BOVE! DID YOU CALL, DEAR.. OR WAS THAT AN AIR RAID?

YOU MAY TRY TO BE FUNNY AT SOME OTHER TIME... RIGHT NOW I'M WORRIED. I JUST GOT A WIRE THAT THE DUCHESS OF SNODGRASS IS COMING TO VISIT US!

WELL.. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT? YOU'VE BEEN PRAYING ALL SEASON SHE'D COME. THIS OUGHT TO MAKE YOU SCORE THE TRIUMPH OF THE SOCIAL SEASON WHEN YOU THROW A PARTY IN HER HONOR!

THAT'S JUST IT! I CAN'T THROW A PARTY IN THIS HOUSE BECAUSE OF THE PAINTER!

GOLLY, THAT'S RIGHT.. THE HOUSE *IS* BE-ING REDECORATED, ISN'T IT? SAY, HOW ABOUT USING THE YACHT.. THAT OUGHT TO BE IDEAL!

OH JASPER! WHAT A WONDERFUL THOUGHT! THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'LL DO. WE'LL GIVE THE DUCHESS A THANKSGIVING PARTY ON OUR YACHT!

HEY... MY SHAV-ING SOAP. WATCH OUT!

THANKSGIVING NIGHT..

NOW YOU'RE SURE YOU MADE ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS EXACTLY AS I TOLD YOU, JASPER? EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON THIS PARTY BEING A SUCCESS!

FOR THE HUNDREDTH TIME.. *YES!* DON'T WORRY! *NOTHING* CAN POSSIBLY GO WRONG!

SMACK!







HELLO, MATER... DID YOU AND FATHER COME OUT TO SEE HOW MY PARTY WAS GETTING ALONG?

YOUR PARTY!

OH! OH! I SPOKE TOO SOON!



B..BUT PERCIVAL, DIDN'T YOU KNOW I WAS GIVING A PARTY TONIGHT FOR THE DUCHESS SNODGRASS... YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE YOUR GUESTS ASHORE!

B..BUT MATER!

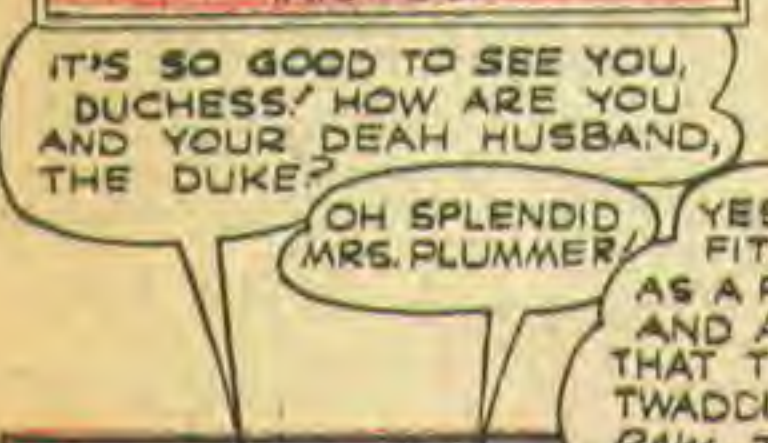


THERE'S NO REASON WHY PERCIVAL CAN'T CONTINUE WITH HIS PARTY IF HE JUST TAKES THEM BELOW TO THE LOWER DININGROOM!

WELL... IF THEY DON'T INTERFERE WITH MY GUESTS..

OH WE'LL STAY QUITE SECLUDED, I PROMISE YOU, MATER!

THE DUCHESS FINALLY ARRIVES..



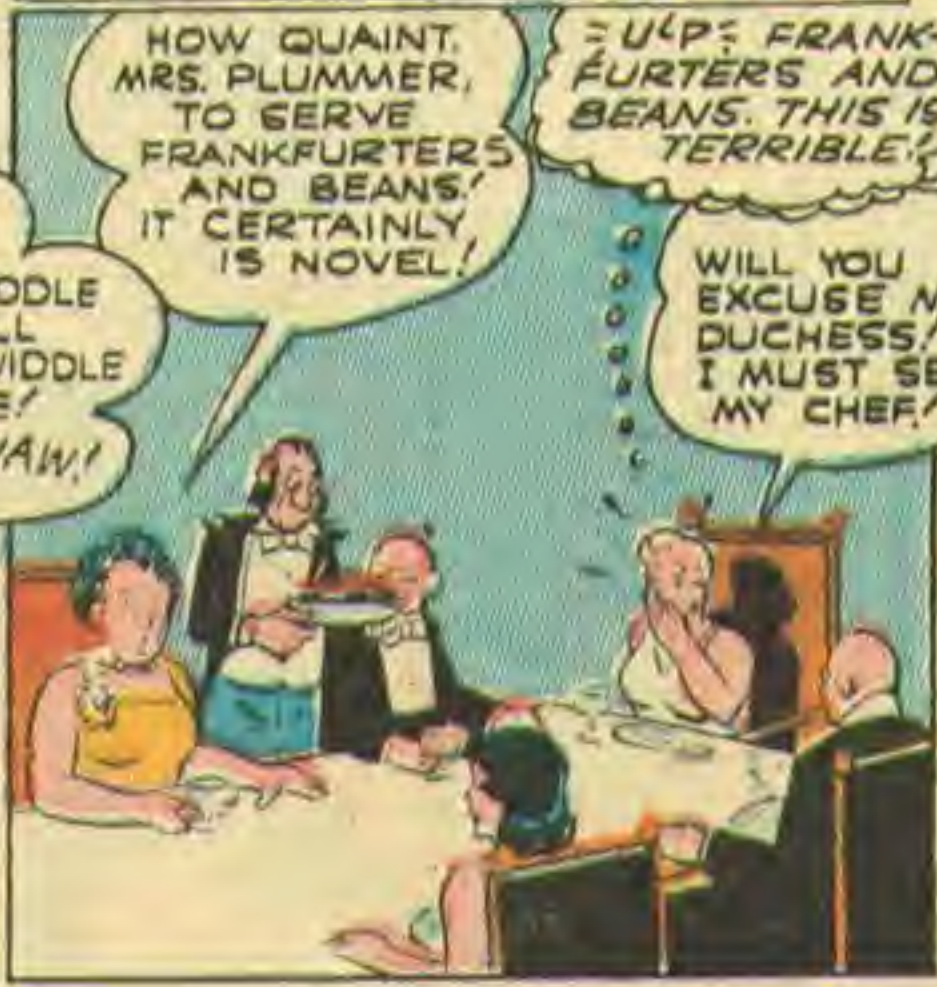
IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU, DUCHESS! HOW ARE YOU AND YOUR DEAH HUSBAND, THE DUKE?

OH SPLENDID MRS. PLUMMER!

YES, FIT

AS A FIDDLE AND ALL THAT TWIDDLE TWADDLE! RAW.. THAW!

AND SO DINNER IS SERVED...



HOW QUANT, MRS. PLUMMER, TO SERVE FRANKFURTERS AND BEANS! IT CERTAINLY IS NOVEL!

WULP! FRANKFURTERS AND BEANS. THIS IS TERRIBLE!

WILL YOU EXCUSE ME, DUCHESS! I MUST SEE MY CHEF!



CHEF, WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE? WHERE'S THE TURKEY?

MASTER PLUMMER TOLD ME THE PARTY HAD BEEN SWITCHED TO THE LOWER DINING ROOM, SO THAT'S WHERE THE TURKEY WENT!



WAIT.... I'LL GET MY HANDS ON PERCIVAL AND HIS LITTLE BAND OF RUFFIANS! HMMPH... I'M RUINED! HOW'LL I EVER EXPLAIN TO THE DUTCHESS?



PERCIVAL! I WISH TO SPEAK TO YOU!

HEY, POICY! SHOULD I HAVE ANOTHER PLATE SET FOR HER OR ISN'T SHE STAYING?

ER.. AH... ?GULPE OF COURSE, MATER!











# The 3 Monkey-teers



IT SURE IS  
SWELL TO BE  
HOME AGAIN  
WITH MAMA  
AND PAPA...

AND GO  
BOB-SLEDDING  
EARLY IN THE  
MORNING!

AND WEAR  
OUR NEW  
CLARK GABLE  
SWEATERS...

ED SOGGIN

OH BOY,  
LOOK AT  
THAT...

STEEP  
HILL!

LET'S  
TRY  
IT!

SAY, LOOK AT THAT  
TREE BETWEEN OUR  
SLED TRACKS! THAT  
WASN'T THERE  
WHEN WE WENT  
BY!

GOSH  
THAT'S  
FUNNY!  
I DON'T  
GET IT!

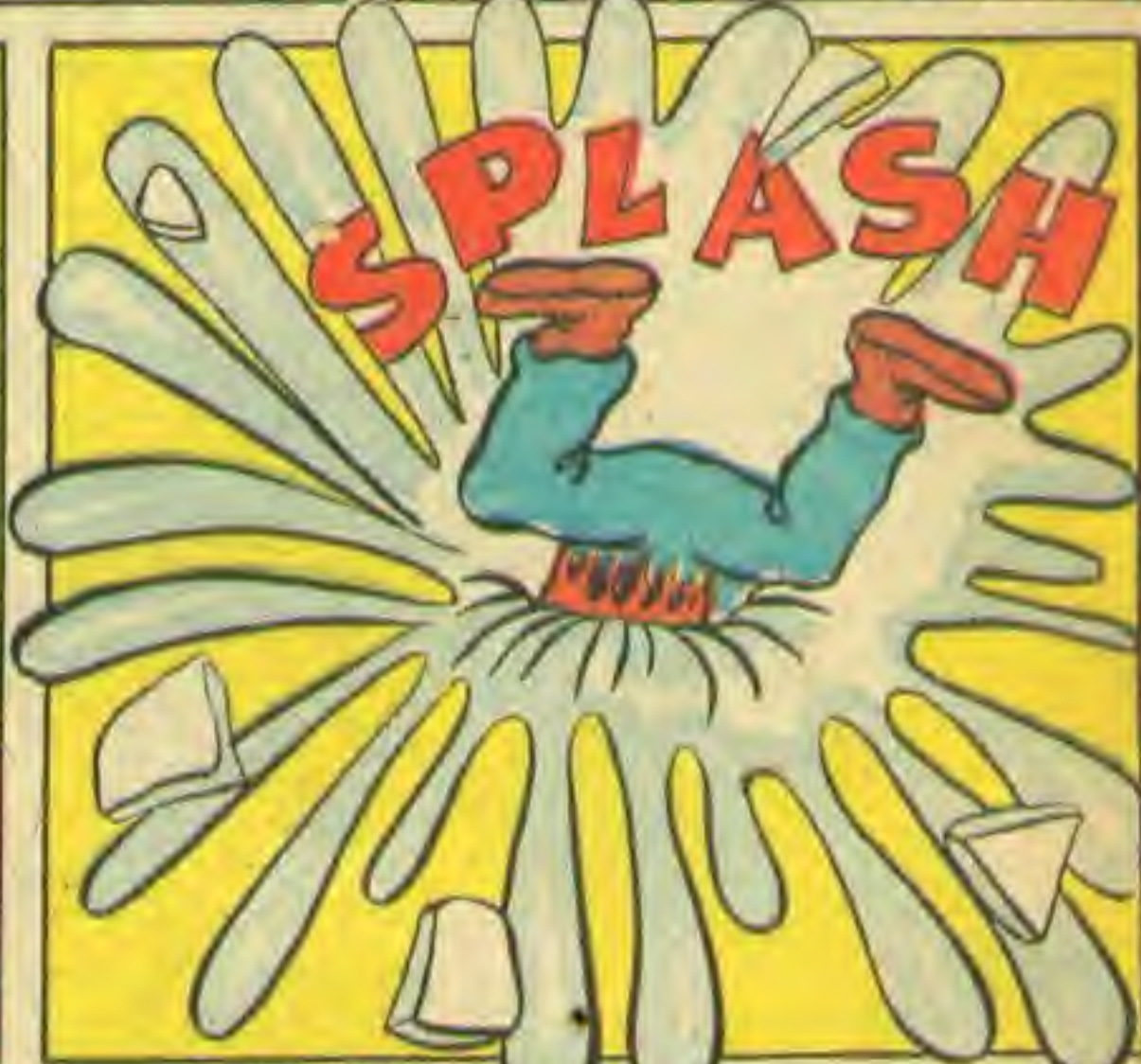
NEITHER  
DO I!

AW FORGET  
IT! MAYBE IT  
JUST GREW! LOOK,  
THERE'S THE OLD  
HERMIT! LET'S  
BOTHER HIM!









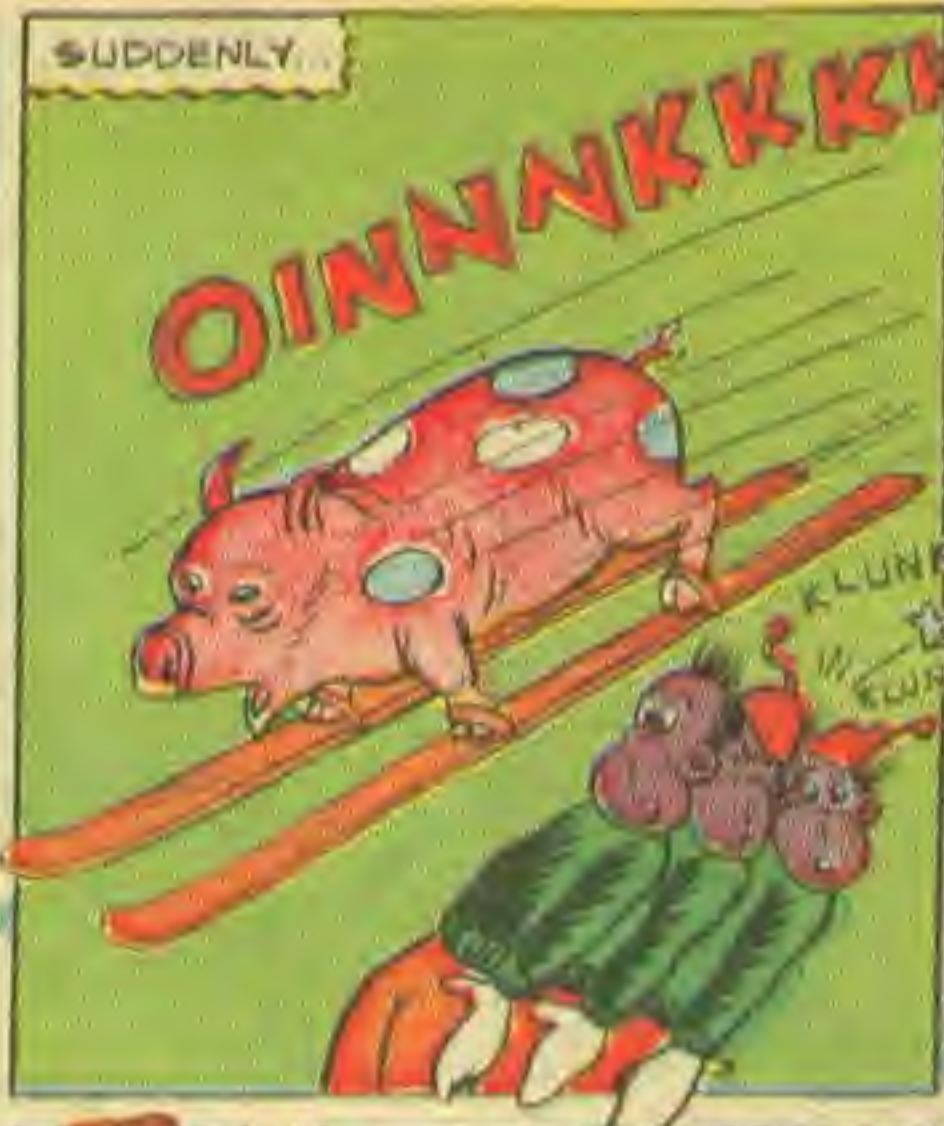




AND AS THEY GO BACK, STRANGELY ENOUGH THEIR TRACKS GO RIGHT THROUGH THE TREES... WE DON'T GET IT!!!!









YES, I KNOW... I WANTED TO TEACH YOU A LESSON! I ALWAYS HELP THE UNFORTUNATE AND YOU WERE PRETTY HARD ON THE OLD HERMIT, YOU KNOW! AND RIGHT AFTER I'D SAVED YOU FROM THAT OLD VIPER, FAGIN, TOO!



B-BUT THAT BIG BIRD! D-DID YOU SEND HIM AFTER US?



THAT WAS ME -- STUPIDMAN! I'M A SLICK ONE AT GLIDING, YOU KNOW!



...AND THAT PIG AND OSTRICH?



THAT WAS ME AGAIN! I MADE AN INSTANT-ANEOUS CHANGE! I'M DARN GOOD! HEH HEH

ONE THING MORE, SIR! HOW ABOUT THOSE...



STOP! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO ASK ABOUT! THOSE SLED TRACKS!



I SIMPLY PICK UP A SLED TRACK LIKE THAT AND BITE IT IN HALF LIKE THIS!



AND PASS IT AROUND THE TREE AND TIE IT TOGETHER AGAIN! HMM... TASTES PRETTY GOOD!



HERE, HAVE A PIECE OF SLED TRACK! THAT'S WHAT THE OLD HERMIT HAS TO EAT WHEN THERE'S NO FISH!



WELL, THAT'S THAT FOR TODAY! I GUESS THEY'LL BE GOOD NOW OR I'M NOT STUPIDMAN!



THE THREE MONKEYTEERS WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS! FOR A CARLOAD OF LAUGHS GET YOUR COPY!

AND NOW I'D BETTER HURRY BACK TO MY JOB AT SCHULTZ'S DELICATESSEN BEFORE SOMEONE LEARNS MY TRUE IDENTITY!





# TOP NOTCH'S HALL OF FAME

WORDS, PROMISES, HISTORIC MEETINGS, PACTS ARE ALL VERY WELL AS SYMBOLS OF THINGS TO COME...

BUT ONE MAN IN EUROPE TO DAY A MAN OF ACTION, A FIGHTING MAN, IS BLAZING A TRAIL FOR THE UNITED NATIONS OF TOMORROW FOR THE DAY WHEN WE WILL BE DELIVERED FROM THE DARKEST DOOM MANKIND HAS EVER FACED

THAT MAN IS CHIEF OF THE COMMANDOS, LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN...



WHEN WAR WAS DECLARED LORD LOUIS WAS A CAPTAIN IN COMMAND OF A DESTROYER FLOTILLA OFF THE COAST OF NORWAY





SUDDENLY, UP IN THE LOOKOUT TOWER

SUBMARINES  
OFF STARBOARD!

GOOD LORD!  
IT'S A WOLF  
PACK!

AND ABOARD ONE  
OF THE SUBS...

SURRENDER!  
GIF US YOUR  
ANSWER!

A WOLF PACK...  
THE DREADED NAME  
GIVEN TO A BAND OF NAZI  
SUBS THAT HUNT AND GIVE NO  
QUARTER...

MOUNTBATTEN'S FACE  
GREW GRIM...

THIS IS MY  
ANSWER!  
**FIRE!**

THE NAZIS WENT QUICKLY TO  
WORK! SEVENTEEN TORPEDOES  
LASHED THROUGH THE WATERS.



MOUNTBATTEN'S SHIP SHUDDERED UNDER THE IMPACT OF THE EXPLOSIONS.

AND AS THE SMOKE CLEARED...

BAD LUCK!  
THE RADIO  
ROOM'S BLOCKED  
BY WRECKAGE!

**BOOOOM**

MOUNTBATTEN  
PUSHED AND  
STRAINED UNTIL...

THAT DOES  
IT! WHEW, WHAT  
A JOB!

I--I'VE GOT TO GET  
THROUGH! UGH! THIS  
BEAM SURE IS HEAVY!

MOUNTBATTEN SPEAKING!  
THIS IS NOT AN SOS...  
WE'RE HOLDING OUR OWN  
AGAINST A NAZI SUBMAR-  
INE WOLF-PACK...BUT WOULD  
SUGGEST YOU SEND A  
PLANE SQUADRON TO  
CLEAN THEM UP...  
LATITUDE...

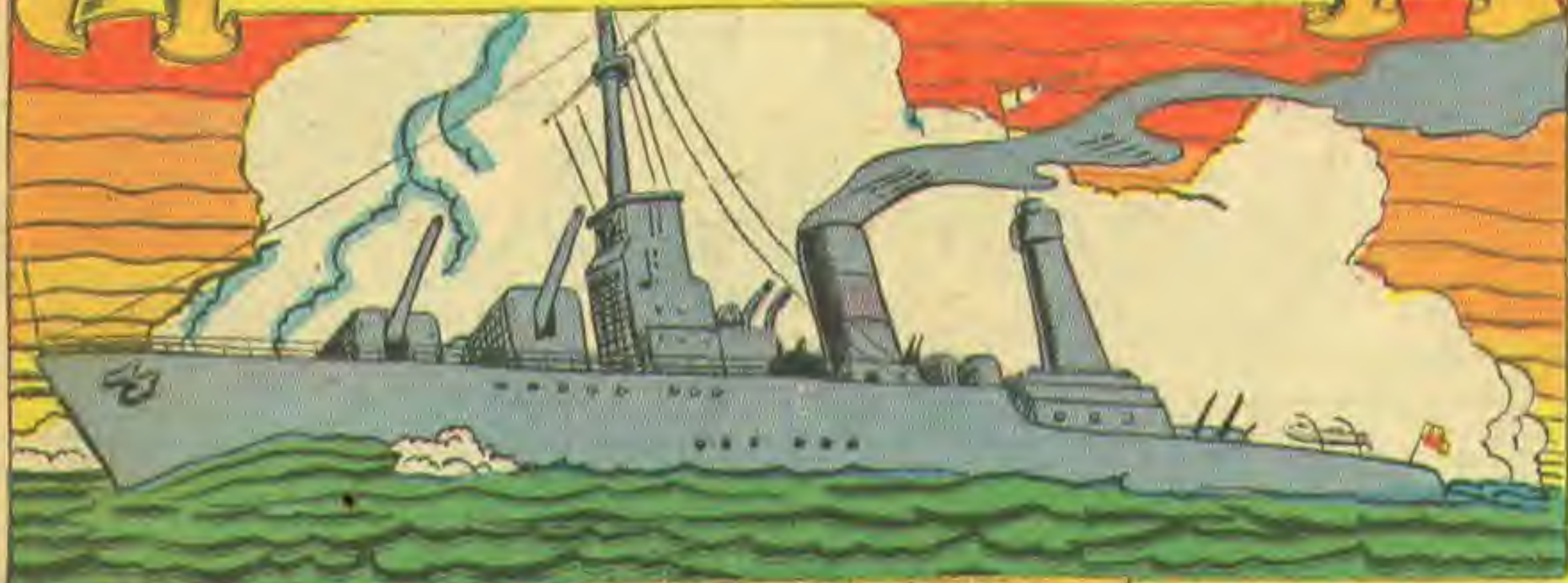
DAYS LATER MOUNTBATTEN DOGGEDLY  
BROUGHT HIS SEVERELY WOUNDED SHIPS  
BACK TO A BRITISH PORT...

YOU DID A  
GREAT JOB,  
MOUNTBATTEN!  
WE GOT THAT  
WOLF PACK!

THANK YOU,  
SIR! WHAT  
IS MY NEXT  
ASSIGNMENT?



AS TIME PASSED, HE RECEIVED DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT AFTER DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT! FOUR TIMES HIS SHIPS WERE BOMBED, TORPEDOED, OR MINED... BUT EACH TIME HE BROUGHT HIS CREW AND SHIP BACK TO A HOME PORT.



AND THEN, EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER, TWO MEN SAT IN CONFERENCE, TWO VERY IMPORTANT MEN - KING GEORGE VI AND WINSTON CHURCHILL...



THIS MAN IS JUST THE ONE FOR THE JOB! HE OUGHT TO BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW.



CAPTAIN, WE'VE AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU! YOU ARE TO TRAIN AND LEAD MEN INTO NIGHTLY FORAYS AGAINST ENEMY HELD COASTS! YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN AS CHIEF OF COMBINED OPERATIONS!

CAPTAIN MOUNTBATTEN REPORTING!



THANK YOU, SIR!



AND THUS WAS BORN THE MOST FEARED AND DARINGS OF ALL MILITARY GROUPS... THE COMMANDOS...

STEP LIVELY, NOW! STEP LIVELY!





WEEKS OF INTENSIVE TRAINING FOLLOWED WHILE LORD MOUNTBATTEN STUDIED SCALE MODELS OF THE FRENCH COAST...



AND THEN, AFTER MANY PRACTICE FORAYS, ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 18TH 1942...



QUICKLY THE COMMANDOS SWUNG INTO ACTION...

WELL, THIS IS WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, TOMMY!

SURE IS, JIM! A CRACK AT THOSE DIRTY NAZIS!



INVASION BOAT AFTER INVASION BOAT PUSHED THROUGH THE WATERS...



AND SWARMS OF PLANES LEFT AIRFIELDS...



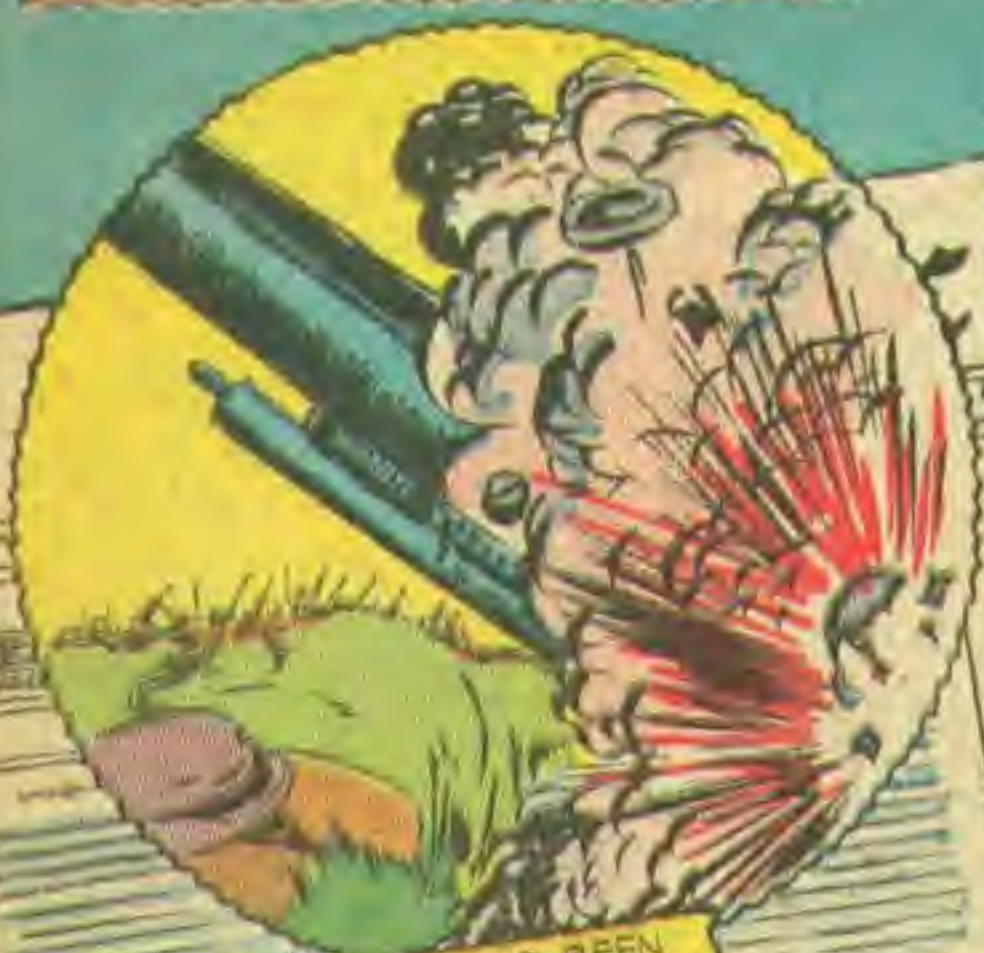
FINALLY THEY LANDED ON THE FRENCH COAST.



AND...

LET'S GO!





# Times

FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1942

38

1942

## U. S.-ALLIED TROOPS TANKS RAID DIEPPE 9 HOURS; MORE THAN 1,000 PLANES AID IN LAND ACTION...

A MAGNIFICENT BLOW HAD BEEN STRUCK AGAINST THE NAZIS AND EVEN WHEN THE COMMANDOS HAD RETURNED TO ENGLAND, MOUNTBATTEN STAYED WITH HIS MEN TO AID THE WOUNDED...

EASY NOW  
EASY!

AS MOUNTBATTEN HELPED BIND THE WOUNDS OF SOME OF HIS MEN, A MESSENGER APPEARED...

MR. CHURCHILL  
WISHES YOU TO  
REPORT ON THE  
RAID, SIR!

NOT NOW! I'VE  
GOT TO ATTEND  
TO MY MEN!

IT WAS ONLY AFTER ALL HIS MEN HAD BEEN MADE COMFORTABLE THAT MOUNTBATTEN LEFT THEM TO MAKE HIS REPORT



AND SO, FOR HIS BRAVERY, FOR THE INSPIRATION HIS FIGHTING COURAGE GIVES TO HIS MEN, AND FOR THE GOOD WORK HE HAS DONE THUS FAR TO HELP THE UNITED NATIONS WIN THIS WAR, THE TOP-NOTCH **HALL OF FAME** IS PROUD AND HONORED TO AWARD ITS PALM OF THE MONTH TO CAPTAIN LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN COMMANDO CHIEF.

the END